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XENOPHON.

CHAPTER I.

NOTICES OF THE LIFE OF XENOPHON PREVIOUS TO THE EXPEDITION OF CYRUS.

THERE is none of the ancient Greek authors whose personality stands more clearly before us than that of Xenophon. We owe this entirely to his own writings, for external notices of him are meagre and untrustworthy. But the historian of the expedition of Cyrus, the recorder of the conversations of Socrates, and the varied essayist on so many topics of ancient Greek life, was one of those writers who, in depicting other things, give at the same time a portrait of themselves. His chief work is the account of a military expedition in which he was himself engaged, and in which he ultimately played a very prominent and leading part. So it follows only naturally that five-sevenths of this work are almost pure autobiography. We have thus from Xenophon's own hand a minute and living pic-

ture of himself and his actions for more than a year and a half, during one of the most interesting episodes of military history. We have from himself also an indication of his subsequent mode of life in his country residence, when he had settled down into a landed proprietor, and had exchanged the sword for the pen. And all his writings, though perfectly artistic, are so naïve, communicative, and at the same time so consistent in tone, that we can have no doubt that they reflect his real character. They seem to bring the man himself, with his habits and ways of thinking, his principles, prejudices, and superstitions, vividly before us. But except what can be derived from these sources, we have scarcely any information about the life of Xenophon. There is a biography of him written by Diogenes Laertius at the end of the second century A.D. But, like the rest of the "Lives" of Diogenes, it is a mere *debris* of anecdotes and traditions; and no assertion which it contains can be accepted without criticism.

There is no reason, however, for discrediting the statement that Xenophon was the son of one Gryllus, an Athenian citizen; for this is corroborated by the better-attested fact that the historian had a son also named Gryllus—it being the custom at Athens to call children after their grandfathers. The family of Xenophon must have belonged to the upper middle ranks of Athens, as he himself was one of the class of "knights," or horsemen, for whom a property-qualification was required. But he could not have had much hereditary riches to depend on, else he would

not have made himself a soldier of fortune, fighting "for his own hand" in Asia, and being anxious to settle down there as a colonist, had circumstances been favourable.

As to the exact date of the birth of Xenophon, there has been some doubt and controversy. This, however, has arisen from the words occurring at the commencement of one of his minor works, called 'The Banquet,' in which he professes to describe circumstances at which he was himself present. The supper-party in question was connected with the Panathenaic games of the year 420 B.C.; and some critics, assuming that Xenophon must have been more than twenty years old at the time, place the date of his birth at about 445 B.C. This assumption is connected with a story, of apocryphal origin, that Xenophon was present at the battle of Delium (424 B.C.), and that his life was saved by Socrates on that occasion. Other circumstances, however, prevent us from believing in the reality of such an occurrence. And as to the 'Banquet,' internal evidence tends to show that this is a merely imaginative picture, so that we cannot build any theory on Xenophon's having stated that he was "present" on the occasion, and still less can we find any ground in his description of the circumstances for deciding how old he may have been at the time. The real *data* that we have for fixing the age of Xenophon consist in the terms in which he speaks of himself in relating the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." And these are sufficiently conclusive for all practical purposes. He twice speaks of the immaturity

of his own age, at that period, as rendering him diffident in offering counsel to the other captains of the Greek army. He mentions himself as youngest of the seven officers chosen to conduct the retreat; he relates his own constant performance of duties requiring youthful activity; and he records that the Thracian chief, Seuthes, thinking that he was possibly unmarried, offered him the hand of his daughter. From all this we may fairly gather that Xenophon, at the time of the expedition of Cyrus (401 B.C.), was not more than thirty years of age. His birth may, with great probability, be placed about the year 431 B.C., contemporaneously with the commencement of the Peloponnesian war.

Through the successive phases of that twenty-eight years' war, Xenophon grew up to manhood. He was probably unconscious of the horrors of the plague which raged at Athens during the second and third years of the war. But he may well have remembered in his early boyhood the annual invasion of Attica by the Spartans, and the ravaging of the country up to the very city walls. When about seventeen years old he probably shared in the enthusiasm connected with the sending off of the Athenian expedition against Sicily; and two years later he witnessed the national grief and consternation at the news of the utter destruction of the Athenian force at Syracuse. When about twenty-eight years old, he saw the blockade, and finally the capitulation, of Athens, which in some respects might be compared to the capitulation of Paris in the year 1871. Such comparisons must not

be pushed too far; but in some particulars the relation of the Spartans to the Athenian people might be said to be analogous to that of the Germans to the French in the great Franco-Prussian war. The events contemporaneous with his youth and early manhood must necessarily have had an influence on the mind and character of Xenophon. It was altogether an unhappy time—a period in which the national *prestige* of Athens was gradually being lost. The effect on the mind of a youthful Athenian would naturally be to prevent his feeling a pride in his country. This is, doubtless, an unfavourable circumstance for any one. In after-life we find Xenophon not absolutely unpatriotic—indeed, in his writings he appears constantly to be devising methods for the improvement of the Athenian resources; but we find him deficient in anything like reverence for Athens. He seems to "sit loose" on his country, and he shows a readiness to denationalise himself, and throw in his fortunes with those of foreign states, which can be best explained by reference to the events and influences of his youth.

In the mean time, Xenophon had shared with his countrymen that awakening of the intellect which especially characterised Athens during the very period of her incipient political decline. It was the time when Athenian poetry and art had reached their acme, and now oratory and debate were being studied and practised with zeal; Greek prose style was being cultivated and developed; and, from the discussions of the Sophists and Socrates, philosophy was receiving a new

birth. The keen lively mind of Xenophon drank in all the influences of the age. He probably never listened to the eloquence of the great Pericles, but he must have heard innumerable debates in the Agora, and probably took part in many. From year to year he enjoyed the refining influence of the great masterpieces of Greek tragedy brought upon the stage by Sophocles, Euripides, and Agathon; while, at the same time, the inimitable comedies of Aristophanes furnished annually a humorous and intellectual commentary on public events and characters. Xenophon's thoughts must necessarily have been much engaged with war and foreign politics; and, above all, he had the great advantage, during the plastic period of his youth, of being the pupil and companion of the renowned Athenian teacher, Socrates.

We cannot tell whether the tradition, which has been preserved by Diogenes, of the beginning of this relationship, can be regarded as literally true. But at all events it is a very pleasing anecdote. We are told that Socrates, encountering Xenophon, who was "a beautiful, modest boy," in a narrow passage, put his stick across so as to stop him, and asked him "where provisions could be bought?" On Xenophon mentioning some place, he again asked, "And where are men made noble and good?" As Xenophon knew not what to answer, he said, "Well, then, follow and learn." And thenceforth Xenophon became the disciple of Socrates.

He appears to have diligently applied himself to profit by his opportunities, for he was considered by

the ancients to have been "the first man that ever took notes of conversations." He made a considerable collection of the conversations of Socrates thus noted down. These were afterwards published in the book commonly known as the 'Memorabilia,' for which all the intellectual world must be grateful to Xenophon. But personally he can only have been to a limited extent influenced by the teachings of Socrates, as he had no taste for the higher and more abstract parts of philosophy, and therefore he only assimilated the ethical and practical elements of the thought of his master. Other pupils of Socrates, such as Plato and Euclid, appear to have derived from their teacher an impulse towards metaphysical speculation, of which Xenophon shows no trace. He was throughout his life a practical sensible man of the world, imbued with the easier and more popular Socratic theories; rather too fond of omens and divination, for which taste he quoted the authority of his master; doubtless much cultivated and improved by all the Socratic discussions to which he had listened, but by no means to be reckoned as one of the philosophers of the Socratic "family."

He appears, at all events, to have regarded Socrates as his mentor and adviser in the affairs of life. We have from his own pen * the following account of the share of Socrates in determining the step most important of all in the career of Xenophon. In the year 402 B.C. he received a letter from a Bœotian friend named Proxenus, urging him to come to Sardis and take

* Anabasis, iii. 1.

service under Cyrus, the younger brother of Artaxerxes king of Persia. He showed this letter to Socrates, and consulted him whether he should go. Socrates thought that there was a risk of Xenophon's getting into trouble with his countrymen if he were to join Cyrus, who was believed to have given assistance against them to the Spartans. He advised him to go to Delphi and consult the oracle. Xenophon went accordingly to Delphi; but having made up his own mind on the subject, he barred dissuasion by evasively asking of Apollo "what god he should sacrifice to in order to perform most propitiously the journey which he had in his mind?" The oracle directed him to sacrifice to "Jupiter the King." Having taken back this answer, he was reproved by Socrates, but told that he must now do as the god had directed. Accordingly he performed his sacrifice, and crossed the Archipelago to Ephesus, whence he proceeded to the rendezvous at Sardis.

In this story we see amusingly exhibited the wilfulness of the youthful Xenophon, and the practical shrewdness, mixed with superstition, of Socrates. There might be some risk of unpleasant consequences from taking service under Cyrus, yet, on the other hand, there was a chance of such a step turning out well. The offers of Cyrus had a peculiar fascination for the soldiers of fortune in Greece; and Socrates, even as a practical adviser, may have been not insensible to the same imaginative influence. He followed his own maxim, "In cases of doubt consult the gods," and despatched Xenophon to the oracle of Delphi.

The oracular response, as commonly happened in such circumstances, only confirmed the inquirer in the course to which he was himself inclined. And Xenophon accordingly joined the expedition of Cyrus. He joined it "neither as an officer nor a soldier," but in an unattached capacity. The leading events of that ill-fated expedition, and the subsequent adventures of the Greek force which was engaged in it, will occupy the three following chapters; and with all these events Xenophon himself was so completely identified, that the account of them, taken from his 'Anabasis,' will be found to be a continuation of the life of the historian.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXPEDITION OF CYRUS.

THE best and most interesting of the works of Xenophon is called the 'Anabasis.' This name signifies the "march up-country," that is, from the sea to Babylon, and is only applicable to the first part of the work. The book, therefore, is misnamed, as it is far more concerned with the 'Catabasis,' or "march down to the sea again." Letting this pass, the 'Anabasis' essentially consists of three parts; 1st, The Expedition of Cyrus, and his invasion of the Persian dominions; 2d, The retreat of the Greek contingent in his army to the Euxine; 3d, The vicissitudes of that contingent when they had got back among Greek towns, but still kept together as a mercenary force. These three divisions of the story give us the natural headings for the present and two subsequent chapters.

The Cyrus now referred to is of course not Cyrus the Great (mentioned in the Bible), who had died more than a century previous to this expedition, and who had been succeeded by Cambyses, Darius I., Xerxes I. (Ahasuerus), Artaxerxes I., and Darius II. (called

Nothus), who was father to Artaxerxes II. (called Mnemon), and to Cyrus, the younger, with whom we have to do.

Darius Nothus came to the throne in the year 423 B.C., and Cyrus was born after this date. He was, therefore, less than twenty-one years old when our story begins. Orientals are precocious, and early authority matures the powers; but still it must be allowed that he was a young prince of very extraordinary abilities, for in the measures by which he proposed to carry out his ambitious projects, he quite departed from the traditionary ideas of his country. He was the favourite son of his mother, Parysatis, who encouraged him in expecting to supersede his elder brother and succeed to the throne. As he had been born *after* his father's accession, he had, according to Persian custom, a superior claim to his brother, who, having been born *before* the accession, ranked as the son of a private person. But Darius Nothus, his father, settled it otherwise, and gave Cyrus, in his seventeenth year, the satrapy of Lydia, Phrygia, and Cappadocia, being, in short, the greater part of Asia Minor, while he nominated Artaxerxes to succeed himself on the throne.

The youthful satrap had, from the first, Greek troops in his pay, and Greek officers about his person. He mixed in Grecian politics, and assisted the Spartans in their war against Athens. Just before his father's death (404 B.C.) he was summoned to Babylon, and, when the decease had occurred, he was charged with plotting against his newly-crowned brother. He was arrested by Artaxerxes, and would have been put to

death, but his mother begged his life and sent him back to his province.

Returning in disgrace and anger, he organised with secrecy and determination his plans. He collected more Greek troops by giving out that Tissaphernes, a neighbouring satrap, had designs upon the Greek towns in Asia Minor, and inviting Spartan soldiers to come over for their defence. He employed Clearchus, a Lacedæmonian exile, Proxenus, the friend of Xenophon, and other Greek adventurers who had come to his court, to raise a force for him, on the pretext of an expedition against Tissaphernes, or against the mountaineers of Pisidia. Sardis was the rendezvous, Pisidia the ostensible object; all designs against Artaxerxes were carefully concealed. And, in the meanwhile, the Great King himself was entirely blinded with regard to his brother's intentions. He thought that one satrap was going to make war on another—a circumstance entirely beneath his notice!

With a Greek force approaching 10,000 (they became afterwards rather more by additions on the way), and with a native army of 100,000 men, Cyrus marched from Sardis in the early spring of the year 401 B.C. He proceeded in a south-easterly direction, as it was part of his plan that his fleet should co-operate with him on the south coast of Asia Minor, and the route taken was that which would have led to Pisidia. They marched about seventy miles to the Mæander, which they crossed on a bridge of boats, and stopped a week at the wealthy city of Colossæ,* where reinforcements

* This was the place to which St Paul's "Epistle to the

joined them. Proceeding onwards, they reached Celænæ, where Cyrus had a palace and a vast park (Xenophon calls it by the Persian name, a "paradise") stocked with wild animals, which he used to hunt when he or his horses required exercise. In this "government house," which he was destined never to see again, he now rested for a month, and the army was increased by the arrival of more Greek recruits. The Greek contingent was reviewed, and was found to consist of 11,200 men.

In the plains of Caystrus three months' pay became due to the troops. There had been some mistake in the arrangements, and Cyrus was in perplexity, when, most opportunely, he was joined by Epiaxa, wife of Syennesis, king of Cilicia, who came to meet him, bringing a large sum of money as an offering, and with this he paid his men. With the Cilician queen in his company he marched on to the city of Tyriæum, where, at her request, he held a grand review of his army. After the native battalions had marched past, he directed the Greeks to form into phalanx and exhibit a charge. This they did so effectually, advancing at a run with their spears presented, and with loud shouts, towards the Persian tents, that the queen and her people were seized with alarm and fled from the field, while the Greeks burst out laughing, and Cyrus was overjoyed to see the terror with which they inspired his countrymen.

Advancing by Iconium, through Lycaonia and Cap-

Colossians" was addressed. A few broken columns and *debris* now alone mark its site.

padocia, towards Cilicia, he sent Epiaxa with a Greek escort under Meno, a Thessalian captain, to go by a direct route over the mountains into her own country. Cyrus himself found the pass over Mount Taurus, which was called the Cilician Gates, occupied by Syennesis. This pass being a narrow defile between rocks, 3600 feet above the sea, might easily have been held; but Syennesis (who was probably acting all along in collusion with Cyrus) had now the excuse that his flank had been turned by Meno, and that he was threatened on the other side by the fleet of Cyrus; so he evacuated the pass, and the invading army, without resistance, marched through the Gates of Cilicia. Descending into a beautiful plain, they came to Tarsus, even then a large and rich city, afterwards the rival in wealth, literature, and science of Athens, Antioch, and Alexandria, and famous for all time as the birthplace of St Paul.

Here it seemed as if the expedition would come to an end. For it was now clear that Pisidia (which they had passed) was not the object of the march; the Greek soldiers suspected that they were being led against the King; they said that they had not been engaged for this service, and that they would go no farther. Clearchus, the Lacedæmonian, the sternest disciplinarian and harshest officer in the army, tried to force his men to proceed. They at once mutinied, and he narrowly escaped being stoned. Laying aside all his usual imperiousness of manner, he stood before his men weeping, while they regarded him in tacit astonishment. He then broke silence, and said "Do not wonder, soldiers,

at my grief, for Cyrus has been my friend and benefactor. I was anxious to serve him in payment of his past kindnesses to me. But since you are unwilling to accompany him on this expedition, I am reduced to the painful alternative of abandoning either him or you. Whether it is right or not, I have made up my mind what to do. I will never abandon *you*. Since you will not obey me, I will follow you. You are to me country, friends, allies. Be assured that wherever you go, I shall go also." The attitude thus taken by Clearchus at once restored him to the confidence of the soldiers, more especially as, when Cyrus sent for him, he adroitly refused to go. His next step was to invite opinions as to the course it would be best to pursue under the circumstances. Clearly, it would be now difficult to get home without the consent of Cyrus, and a little consultation among the soldiers showed that Cyrus was not likely to give that consent. At last it was resolved to send a deputation to the Prince, and ask what was really the service on which they were engaged. Cyrus had an answer at once ready for them. He said that "he expected to find his enemy, Abrocomas, twelve days' march forward, on the banks of the Euphrates. If they found him there they would chastise him; if not, they would consider then what was to be done." The soldiers were not really dupes of this particularly vague answer. But Clearchus had "played them" like fishes. By seeming to yield he had conquered. They contented themselves with asking higher pay, which Cyrus at once granted, raising the wages of each soldier from about 16 shillings to

£1, 4s. per month. On this understanding, the army again marched forward and reached Issus, the last town of Cilicia on the sea-coast. Here the ships of Cyrus brought up some reinforcements, and among them Cheirisophus, the Spartan general, with 700 men.

Beyond were "the gates of Cilicia and Syria," two fortresses about five hundred yards apart, with a stream flowing between them. And this aperture, being the only entrance into Syria, was one of the most defensible positions in the whole march. Cyrus had appointed his fleet to meet him here to assist in forcing it. But the one fortress had been abandoned by Syennesis, and the other by the outpost of Abrocomas; and the Grecian army passed through these gates also unchallenged. They advanced along the coast to Myriandrus, a Phœnician settlement. This was the last time, for many a long day, that any of them were destined to look upon the sea. Here two of the Greek captains deserted in a merchant vessel. But Cyrus had the adroitness to "make capital" out of the circumstance. He addressed the army, and showed that he might easily have the deserters captured by his war-galleys, but that he abstained from doing so. "Let them go, therefore," said he, "and remember that they have behaved worse to me than I have to them." The Greeks, even such as had before been disinclined to the expedition, on seeing the generosity of Cyrus, now accompanied him with greater pleasure and cheerfulness. Twelve days' march from this point brought them to the large town of Thapsacus, on the banks of the Euphrates. Here a halt

was made, and Cyrus formally announced to the Greek captains that his march was directed to Babylon, against the Great King. The soldiers, hearing this, felt or feigned anger, and declared that they would not go forward without a handsome present. Cyrus at once promised to give every man five minas of silver (£20) as soon as they should reach Babylon; and while they were debating on the offer Meno persuaded his men to earn favour with Cyrus by crossing the Euphrates before the rest had made answer. They followed his advice, and crossed the river at once. Cyrus was delighted. He sent high commendations to the soldiers and secret presents to Meno; and then marching himself through the river, he was followed by all the army. In passing the stream no one was wetted above the breast; and the people of Thapsacus declared that the river had never before been fordable on foot. Every one said that "it was a divine providence, and that the river clearly made way for Cyrus as the future king." After crossing the Euphrates, the Cyreians marched for nine days along its left bank till they came to the river Araxes, one of its affluents, where they halted, and collected provisions from the villages to serve them in the desert which they were now entering. For five days hence they passed through what Xenophon calls "Arabia," a country level as the sea and full of wormwood. All the other shrubs were aromatic, and there was not a tree to be seen. Here they found wild asses, ostriches, bustards, and antelopes. The horsemen of the army had some sport with these. They found the flesh of the wild

ass like venison, but more tender, and that of the bustard delicious. The ostrich by its running flight entirely beat them, and not one could be caught. They halted at the river Mascas, and again laid in provisions before entering for a second time the desert, which lasted for a march of thirteen days, during which beasts died for want of fodder, corn failed, and the soldiers lived entirely on flesh. Cyrus pushed along over this part of the way with the utmost expedition. The marches were forced; and at one place where the baggage-waggons had stuck in some mud, Cyrus impatiently ordered the Persian nobles who were round him to assist in extricating them. In an instant they doffed their purple cloaks, and, all arrayed as they were in splendid vests and embroidered trousers, and with their gold chains and bracelets on, they plunged into the mire and executed his orders.

The "Anabasis" was now nearly concluded. They came to Pylæ, or "the Gates," a defile leading from Mesopotamia into the Babylonian territory, only a hundred and eight miles north of the great city. Opposite to this, over the Euphrates, was a town called Charmande, from which the soldiers, on rafts, got provisions, and wine made from dates. Here, on the eve of the conclusion of the march, the safety of the whole army was endangered by a brawl between the soldiers of Meno and those of Clearchus. They were with difficulty appeased by Cyrus, who assured them that "if anything goes wrong with you Greeks, all these natives whom you see about you will instantly be-

come more hostile than even the army of the Great King."

As it was, the natives who were with Cyrus continued remarkably faithful to him, even now that it was getting rather nervous work; for they were evidently close to the King's army, and the country around them had been cut up by cavalry and the forage burnt. One noble Persian, however, by name Orontes, endeavoured at this moment to go over to Artaxerxes. This man was a born traitor and sycophant. On two previous occasions he had alternately plotted against Cyrus and whined to him for forgiveness. He now volunteered to go out on reconnaissance, and at the same time sent off a letter to the King, saying that he was going to come over to him with a thousand of the Cyreian horse. But the messenger to whom he intrusted this document took it to Cyrus. Orontes was arrested and taken into Cyrus's tent, where he was tried by a council of seven Persians and Clearchus. According to the report of Xenophon, Cyrus gravely and temperately stated the case against him, and the council unanimously condemned him to death. Orontes was led away to the tent of a confidential eunuch, and "no man afterwards saw him either alive or dead."

Cyrus now advanced cautiously for three days through the Babylonian territory. At the end of the third day's march he held a midnight review of his army, expecting that the King would give him battle next day. He found that he had a force of 12,900 Greeks and 100,000 natives. Reports of the royal

army represented them as 1,206,000 strong! But Cyrus addressed the generals and captains of the Greeks, and assured them that the difference of numbers was of no importance. He said, "I will tell you from experience what you will have to encounter—vast numbers and plenty of shouting and noise. If you stand firm, I am really ashamed to tell you what poor creatures you will find these natives to be. Only be men, and I will make those of you who wish to go home the envy of your countrymen; though I hope that many of you will elect to remain in my service."

The next day there was no appearance of the King; but they came on a trench which had been dug to impede their progress. It was 30 feet broad and 18 deep, and stretched for more than 40 miles across the plain of Babylon, leaving a passage of only 20 feet between itself and the Euphrates. But even this laboriously-constructed obstacle was made useless by being left undefended; and the Cyreian army marched quietly through the narrow passage, and concluded the day without seeing the enemy. Cyrus now sent for Silanus, the chief soothsayer of the Greeks, and presented him with 3000 darics (£2600), because on the eleventh day previous he had foretold that the King would not fight within ten days. Cyrus had then said, "If your prophecy comes true I will give you ten talents; for unless the King fights within ten days he will not fight at all."

It was quite natural now for every one to suppose that Artaxerxes had abandoned the idea of resistance. So from this the army advanced in loose order, many

of the men's arms piled on beasts of burden, and Cyrus himself riding at ease in a chariot. But at noon on the next day but one after their leaving the trench, when they were at a place called Cunaxa,* a mounted scout came in at full speed, shouting both in Greek and Persian that the King was coming up with a vast army in battle array. In hot haste they began to form, thinking that the King would be upon them before they should have time to get into rank. But it was not till the afternoon that they got sight of, first, a white cloud of dust, second, a sort of blackness in the plain, next a flashing of brass; and then the spears and lines of men became visible. It was a mighty mass. On their left, opposite the Greeks, were cavalry in white armour, troops with wicker targets, and Egyptians with long wooden shields reaching to their feet, while before the line at intervals were scythed chariots to cut through the ranks of their opponents. In the centre was the Great King, surrounded by a close phalanx. But though in the centre of his own line, that line was so immense that he was actually beyond the extreme left of the army of Cyrus. Despite what Cyrus had said about the shouting of the natives, they now came on quietly enough with a slow even step.

The right of the Cyreian line, resting on the Euphrates, consisted of the Greeks, commanded in their

* This name is nowhere mentioned by Xenophon. The names of battle-fields are often left at first unsettled. It is given by Plutarch (Artaxerxes, c. 8). The spot was about fifty miles from Babylon.

several divisions by Clearchus, Proxenus, Meno, and others. To the left of them was the native force, under Ariæus, a Persian general, on the extreme left, and with Cyrus commanding in person in the centre. This young pretender to the throne of Persia seemed full of hope and enthusiasm, and despised all precautions. While all others wore helmets, he presented himself for the battle with his head uncovered.

Riding along the front of his line with a small staff, he came to where the Greeks were stationed, and calling out to Clearchus, told him to lead his troops against the enemy's centre, where the King was, and strike there; "for if," he said, "we are victorious in that quarter, the day is ours." As the event showed, this order was sound enough; and if Clearchus had had sufficient contempt for his opponents to carry it out, probably the course of subsequent history would have been changed. But in order to do so, the Greeks would have had to pass before the entire line of the enemy (less than half a mile distant) with their right or unshielded side exposed. Secondly, they would run the risk of being outflanked on the extreme left, owing to the great length of the enemy's line. Under these circumstances, Clearchus determined in his own mind to stick to the river, which protected his right flank, and to charge where he was. So he merely replied to Cyrus that "he would see that all went right."

In the meanwhile Xenophon (who is now for the first time mentioned) rode up to Cyrus and asked if he had any commands. Cyrus directed him to tell the

men that the omens of sacrifice were quite favourable. Just then a noise was heard in the ranks, and on the Prince asking what it was, Xenophon told him that the Greeks were passing the watchword of the day, "Jupiter the Preserver and Victory." On hearing this, Cyrus said, "I accept it with all my heart," and rode away to his own station.

The Greeks now sang the pæan, and began to advance against the enemy. As they advanced, their line fluctuated a little, and those who were thrown out began to run, and gradually all took to running, at the same time raising their well-known shout to Mars, and rattling their spears against their shields. The moral effect of this astounding charge was too much for their native opponents. Before the Greeks had got within a bow-shot of them they turned and fled, and even the drivers of the scythed chariots leapt down and ran away, leaving their horses to run wildly among friends and foes alike. The entire left wing of the King's army was routed, and the Greeks pursued them on and on, without losing a man,—but uselessly, because the centre, with Artaxerxes in the midst, was still untouched.

Cyrus observed with satisfaction the victorious course of the Greeks; and those about him, with Oriental flattery, prematurely saluted him as king. But he was not carried away. He kept his body-guard of 600 horsemen drawn up in close rank, and steadily watched the movements of Artaxerxes. Presently the Great King, as no one attacked him in front, showed signs of wheeling round, as if to take the

Greeks in the rear. On this Cyrus moved down upon him, and, charging fiercely with his 600 horse, broke through and routed the 6000 cavalry that formed the body-guard of the King, and killed their commander with his own hand. In the eagerness of pursuit his horsemen got dispersed, and only Cyrus, accompanied by a handful of men—chiefly those who were called his "table-companions"—bore straight on to the spot where Artaxerxes was exposed to view with a little band around him. Maddened with excitement, Cyrus cried out, "I see the man!" and, rushing at his brother, struck him an ill-aimed blow with his lance, wounding him slightly through the breastplate. At the same moment Cyrus himself was pierced by a javelin under the eye, and falling from his horse, was slain. Eight of his chiefs fell around him, and his faithful eunuch, seeing him fall, threw himself on the body, and clasping it in his arms, was put to death. The head and the right hand of Cyrus were cut off, and all his native troops, composing the left wing of the army, took to flight, and retreated to their camp of the night before, a distance of eight miles from the battle-field. Thus ended the battle of Cunaxa (September 3, 401 B.C.) and the expedition of Cyrus.

At first sight there is a halo of romance over the whole enterprise, not unlike that which surrounds the ill-fated Rebellion of 1745. And as the generous impulses in our nature prompt us to take the side of a gallantly-maintained but unfortunate cause, so it is difficult not to sympathise with young Cyrus and his Greeks, as against the Persian King and his over-

whelming masses of inferior troops. And yet, after all, the attempt, however boldly devised and ably carried out, was only an act of treason without any adequate justification. The expedition of Cyrus was prompted by no patriotic or public motive, but solely by personal ambition of the most selfish kind, and was nothing short of fratricidal in its intent, being directed against a brother, who, as far as we know, had done Cyrus no wrong, except that of being his senior, and of having been chosen for the throne. In the guilt of these motives the Greeks were not implicated; they were engaged on a false pretence, and were not informed of the real nature of the service on which they were to be employed till it was virtually too late to withdraw from it. On the other hand, they were not fighting for a cause, but for pay; they were not like the Jacobites of "the '45," but were mercenaries, whom Cyrus had retained, just as an Indian prince might retain a body of European soldiers, as likely to beat a very disproportionate number of his countrymen. And yet there was something fine in the relationship between Cyrus and the Greeks; it was not entirely based upon considerations of money, but consisted greatly in personal attachment. Cyrus, young as he was, had sufficient greatness of character to inspire many of the Greek captains with an enthusiasm for his person. They served him, as Xenophon tells us, partly from regard, and partly because they had an imaginative notion that great things were to be achieved in his service. Cyrus, unlike most Orientals, had the good sense to see the

policy of perfect good faith to his friends; he led the Greeks to rely on him implicitly, and, unlike one with despotic traditions, he treated them as citizens, on a basis of fair reasoning between man and man. Many a trait does Xenophon record of his behaviour *en bon camarade*. It is true that all this time he was on his promotion, and therefore on his best behaviour. But there was something really Napoleonic in his ascendancy over the minds of men. These powers, thus early manifested, might have had a formidable influence on the affairs of mankind. Xenophon justly thinks that no one who had sat on the throne of Persia since the great Cyrus could have compared in ability with Cyrus the younger. Mr Grote is of opinion that, if he had succeeded in his enterprise, he would successfully have played the game of employing the Greeks against each other, and that, forestalling the work of Macedonia, he would have destroyed the independence of Greece by subjugating her to Persia. On the whole, then, it may have been of advantage to the interests of civilisation that Clearchus did not better follow out, at the battle of Cunaxa, the instructions of Cyrus.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND GREEKS TO THE SHORE OF THE EUXINE.

THE Greeks having pursued for about three miles their unprofitable victory over the left wing of the King's army, halted; when they perceived the enemy advancing towards them from the direction of their own lines. They immediately formed, with the Euphrates in their rear, and having sung the pæan, charged. The Persians fled with even greater precipitancy than before. The Greeks followed, without overtaking them, till the sun set, when they stopped and resolved to march back to their tents. On arriving there, they found that the camp had been plundered by the King's troops, and that all their provisions were gone. They lay down fasting, having had neither dinner nor supper during the day. But as yet they had not heard a word of the death of Cyrus. They believed him to be victorious, as they had been, and they looked forward to the morrow to bring them the reward of all their labours.

At sunrise a message came from Ariæus, the Persian

general of Cyrus, who had fled back with the native army to the camp from which they had come two days before, saying that Cyrus was dead, and that if the Greeks would join him he would take them back to the coast of Asia Minor, but that he would not wait for them more than twelve hours. To this Clearchus replied, "Would that Cyrus were alive! but since he is no more, tell Ariæus that we have beaten the King's army, and that if he comes to us we will set him on the throne of Persia." While awaiting an answer to this proposal, the Greeks slaughtered the bullocks and asses which had drawn their waggons, and with them made a breakfast.

Ariæus had not heart enough to avail himself of the chance which was offered him. He told the Greeks that the other Persians of higher rank than himself would never let him be king. But he swore solemnly to guide the Greeks in safety back. He said that it would be impossible to return by the route on which they had come, for they would not be able to get provisions for the desert, but that they must go by the northern route, which lay through fertile countries. To begin with, he led them eastwards into the Babylonian territory. This was an alluvial plain, full of villages, and which, under certain circumstances, might have been a trap for an army, for it lay between the Euphrates and the Tigris, and was divided into parallelograms by the wall of Media and four successive ship-canals running across from the one river to the other. No doubt Ariæus was right in saying that escape would be impossible by way of the deserts of

Mesopotamia and Arabia. But it is not likely that he really meant to undergo all the difficulties of conducting the Greeks home by way of the Tigris. In all probability he used the offer of the Greeks to intimidate Artaxerxes, and to obtain an amnesty for himself on condition of abandoning his allies, which, in fact, he immediately did.

In the mean time the vacillation of the Persians was wonderful. They not only did not attack the Greeks, but instead of starving them in the barren country, they admitted them within the wall of Media, where they could get plenty of provisions, and where they might have used the canals and rivers as defences, which would have enabled them to hold an almost impregnable position, and where they might have made a military settlement threatening the very existence of the reigning dynasty. Presently this danger appears to have occurred to the Persians, and with it the expediency of "making a golden bridge for a flying enemy." For they sent Tissaphernes the satrap to profess friendly feelings for the Greeks, and to offer to escort them back to Greece. Under his guidance the Greeks crossed two of the canals, and arrived at Sitace, a town on the Tigris a little below Bagdad. Here they received false information that the Persians were going to destroy the bridge over the Tigris. This news was fabricated with the view of hurrying them out of Babylonia, lest at the last moment they should resolve to settle there. The *ruse* was successful, for the Greeks guarded the bridge during a night, and next morning crossed it with all expedition.

Having been got fairly over the Tigris into the province of Media, they were conducted north-westward, along the river, by Tissaphernes, for ten days, partly through a desert country, and with only two remarkable incidents: first, that they met an illegitimate brother of Artaxerxes bringing up a large army to assist him, and who halted his troops to see the Greeks pass by. Clearchus, being aware of this, made his men march two abreast, so that his line seemed almost interminable, and inspired respect in the minds of the natives. Second, that on arriving at some villages which were the private property of Parysatis (the queen-mother, who had favoured the cause of Cyrus), Tissaphernes allowed the Greeks, instead of purchasing provisions in them, to plunder them.

Soon after this they arrived at the river Zab, which flows into the Tigris. On its banks they rested, and here Clearchus resolved to have a conference with Tissaphernes, in order, if possible, to put a stop to the feelings of mutual suspicion which had evidently been arising between the Greeks and their Persian conductors. The substance of the discussion which took place is put by Xenophon into the form of elaborate speeches on each side; and he represents Tissaphernes, after professing the most pure and beautiful motives, to have wound up with an Oriental compliment to the Greeks, saying that "while the Great King alone was allowed to wear the upright turban * on his head, any other man, who had the Greeks on his side, might wear it in his heart." This inuendo, which was probably used in

* One of the insignia of royalty in ancient Persia.

reality, meant that Tissaphernes had such an admiration for the Greeks that he could not quite relinquish the idea of making himself king by their assistance. It was in allusion to the offer which had been refused by Ariæus; and the delicate compliment seems to have worked so powerfully with Clearchus as to have entirely thrown him off his guard. In spite of all remonstrances of cautious persons, he accepted an invitation to go to a still more confidential interview with Tissaphernes within the Persian lines, and he persuaded four generals, including Proxenus and Meno, and twenty captains, of the Greeks, to accompany him.

No sooner had they arrived at the tent of Tissaphernes than all the captains and the small guard of honour that accompanied them were cut down, and the generals were seized and bound and sent up to the King. Four of them were immediately put to death by beheading. Meno alone had his life granted to him, probably on account of certain traitorous communications which he had previously held with Tissaphernes. Xenophon, after relating these events, sketches in a masterly way the characters of the different generals, and stigmatises Meno as a bad and false man. He records, with apparent satisfaction, that Meno was ultimately put to death with lingering tortures. This nemesis was due to the still powerful influence of the queen-mother, Parysatis, who appears to have played the part of a vindictive Juno towards all who had been hostile or unfaithful to her favourite Cyrus and his Greeks.

In the mean time, one of the guard of honour having

escaped, wounded, from the massacre, brought the news of it, and of the arrest of the generals, to the Greek camp. The receipt of this intelligence caused great panic and depression in the little army, who reflected that they were isolated in a hostile and treacherous country, a thousand miles from home, without guides or commissariat, with many large rivers before them, and the enemy's cavalry all round. "Reflecting," says Xenophon, "on these circumstances, and being disheartened at them, few tasted food for that evening, few kindled fires, and many did not come to the place of arms during the night, but lay down to rest where they severally happened to be, unable to sleep for sorrow and longing for their country, their parents, their wives, and their children, whom they never expected to see again." The feelings of the Greeks at this unhappy moment might be compared, to some extent, with those of our own betrayed army at Cabul in 1842, when on the eve of their despairing attempt to regain British India through the mountains, the snow, and the enemy. But the Greeks had better grounds of hope left to them, for their military *prestige* was quite unimpaired. They had not lost a man except by foul and treacherous murder, and they had never yet found the native troops, in whatever numbers, able to stand up against them.

But it seemed as if there were only one man to whose mind these encouraging thoughts suggested themselves. And that man was Xenophon. But for him, it seemed likely that the Greeks would have abandoned themselves to unresisting despair. Xeno-

phon himself considered that in the hour of panic he received a special inspiration and a divine impulse to act. He tells us that in the dreadful night following the murder of the generals he was visited by a dream. He dreamed that his father's house had been set on fire by lightning. Full of Greek superstition, he asked himself the interpretation of this dream. On the one hand, he thought that it might be interpreted favourably, as indicating "a light from Jupiter." On the other hand, he reflected that, as Jupiter is King, it might portend "destruction from the King of Persia." With practical good sense he adds, in his account of the matter, that a dream can best be interpreted by what follows it; and what actually followed in this case was that Xenophon sprang up, awoke the surviving generals and captains of the Greek force, and in spirited language addressed them.

He reminded his countrymen of their late easy victory over the King's troops at Cunaxa, and of the glorious resistance made by their forefathers to the armies of Darius and Xerxes at Marathon and Salamis. He pointed out the utter perfidy and falseness of every one of the Persians, now that Cyrus was dead, and he earnestly impressed upon them that they must trust to no one but themselves, and to nothing but their own swords for deliverance. The circumstances under which he spoke were peculiar: the removal of Clearchus had reduced the army to a democracy, and in such a body fair reasoning and skilful oratory were sure to be effective. By means of them, Xenophon, in this midnight debate, turned the hearts of all like one man, and they

unanimously adopted the arrangements best calculated to secure their retreat.

Next day, having burnt their carriages and tents, and all superfluous baggage, and having dined, they formed themselves into a hollow square, with the baggage-bearers in the centre. Cheirisophus, as being a Lacedæmonian, was put in command of the front; four of the captains were chosen to command the flanks; while Xenophon and Timasion, as the two youngest, took charge of the rear. In this order they crossed the Zab, marching so as to follow upwards the left bank of the Tigris. The cowardly Persians did not dare to dispute with them the passage of the Zab; but as soon as they were marching on the other side, two hundred cavalry, and four hundred archers and slingers, came after them to harass their rear. Some Greeks were wounded, and they had no means of retaliation, having neither horsemen nor slingers. Xenophon, however, actually made a sally on foot with a few men against the Persian cavalry, who, instead of cutting him off, turned and fled as soon as he appeared. The Greek army, thus harassed, only marched two and a half miles during the day, when they got to some villages. Here Xenophon set to work to make use of the lesson which, he said, the enemy had given them. With the horses that they had with them he organised a small troop of fifty cavalry, and he got together as many as two hundred Rhodians, skilled in using the sling with leaden bullets instead of stones. During a day's halt these preparations were completed, and then the Greeks, starting very early in the morning, got over a deep

ravine which lay in their course before the stupid Persians had taken any measures to stop them. When they were fairly over, the attack on their rear was recommenced, but this time with 1000 cavalry and 4000 archers and slingers. The Greeks, however, did not as before passively endure the annoyances of the enemy. The trumpet sounded, the fifty horsemen charged, the slingers plied their weapons, and the infantry advanced to their support. The natives at once fled in confusion to the ravine, leaving many dead on the field, whose bodies the Greeks mutilated in order to strike terror into the enemy.

They were now allowed without molestation to reach the banks of the Tigris, where they found an ancient deserted city, with massive walls. This the Greeks called Larissa, which was a common name for the ancient Pelasgian towns with Cyclopean masonry in Thessaly and elsewhere. But it has been conjectured that the name really told them was Al Resen, and that the city was the Resen of Scripture. At the present day it is called Nimrûd; and it was here, on the site of the Nineveh of antiquity, that Mr Layard brought to light so many interesting remains of the ancient Assyrian empire. A further march of eighteen miles conducted the Greeks to another deserted city, which they understood to be called Mespila. It was nearly opposite the modern Mossul, and appears to have been originally a continuation of the once colossal Nineveh or Ninus. These cities, or city, had been devastated by Cyrus the Great, and abandoned about one hundred and fifty years before Xenophon came there.

During the next day's march, which was twelve miles, Tissaphernes came upon them in force. He had with him his own cavalry, all the native troops who had served under Cyrus, and who had marched so long as comrades to the Greeks, the division of Orontes, the King's son-in-law, and that additional army which had been brought up by the King's illegitimate brother, and which the Greeks had seen before. These vast masses of men surrounded the Greeks like a cloud on every side except the front. They never charged, however, and only used missiles. The Rhodian slingers and the Greek bowmen immediately answered with the utmost effect, never missing a shot in such dense ranks, and the Persians presently retreated on all sides.

The next day the Greeks altered to some extent the disposition of their force, as the single hollow square was found too inflexible in cases of narrow roads, hills, or bridges. For more easy adaptation to such circumstances, they formed six companies of one hundred men each, subdivided into smaller companies of twenty-five, each under its own officer, with directions to fall behind or close up as the exigencies of the march might require. In this form they marched for four days, and on the fifth came to some hills. On commencing the ascent they found the enemy on the heights above them, and they saw the native officers flogging on their men to attack them with darts, stones, and arrows. Many were wounded, and their advance was hindered, until they had succeeded in sending up a detachment from their right wing to occupy a height above the Persians, who, thus threatened, desisted from the attack, and

allowed the Greeks to gain a place which Xenophon describes as "a palace amid villages," which can still be identified * in the modern Zákhú. It was a satrap's palace, "like a baronial castle, surrounded by the cottages of serfs and retainers." Here they stayed three days, tending the wounded, and enjoying the satrap's stores of provisions and wine. As soon as they started again Tissaphernes was upon them. But they reached a village, which served them as a defensive work, and enabled them to keep the enemy off. When night came the Persians drew back for six miles, because their horses were always picketed at night by foot-ropes (just as in India at the present day), and could not be got ready suddenly; so they kept a long way off to avoid surprise. The Greeks took advantage of this, and stole a march upon them in the night, and did not see them for two days.

On the fourth day from Zákhú they found the enemy in front of them, on an eminence which commanded the road. Cheirisophus halted the men and sent for Xenophon, who came galloping up from the rear. It was obviously necessary to dislodge the Persians from their front, as Tissaphernes with his army was coming up behind. Xenophon offered to take a select detachment from the van and centre of the army, and scale a height which commanded the hill on which the enemy were posted. He proceeded to do so, and the natives, seeing what was intended, detached some of their own troops to occupy the summit before the

* Mr Ainsworth's 'Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks,' p. 144.

Greeks. There was thus a perfect race between the two detachments, each struggling to get up the hill before the other, and each cheered on by the shouts of its own army. The Greeks, by great exertions, won the race and occupied the summit, and the natives at once dispersed from their position on the line of march, leaving the passage clear. A little incident which occurred during this operation shows the democratic spirit of the Greek army. While Xenophon was riding up the ascent and encouraging the infantry, one of the soldiers cried out, "It's not fair, Xenophon, for you to be riding, while I have to go on foot and carry my shield." In an instant Xenophon jumped from his horse, seized the man's shield, and took his place in the rank, struggling on with the rest. But his heavy horseman's corselet distressed him; and the other soldiers abused the discontented one, and threw stones at him, till he was glad to resume his shield, and Xenophon remounted. Cheirisophus and the army marched onward to some villages on the Tigris, where Xenophon with his detachment rejoined them. The Greeks were now in perplexity, for before them lay high mountains, and on their left the Tigris was very deep, and they could see cavalry on the other side. The generals held a council of war, and carefully questioned their prisoners as to the different routes. They learned that to go eastwards would lead them to Susa and Ecbatana, the summer residence of Artaxerxes; over the Tigris to the left lay the direct path to Lydia and Ionia; the mountains in front were in the country of the Carduchi (Kurds), a warlike tribe, not subject to the Great

King. The route over these mountains would lead into the rich country of Armenia, where the Tigris might easily be forded near its source, and whence the Euxine, leading them to Greece, might be reached. This was the course which it was determined to take, albeit it was now the middle of November, and full late in the year for trying mountain-passes. Starting during the last watch of the night, they got over the intervening plain under the cover of darkness, and thus bade adieu to Tissaphernes and his Persians. All the light-armed men were placed in the front under Cheirisophus, who led them over the first summit before the Kurds had perceived their approach. Marching slowly on, they occupied some villages which lay in the recesses of the mountains, and which the inhabitants evacuated, refusing to listen to all proposals of amity. The rear under Xenophon, consisting of heavy-armed men and baggage, only got up after nightfall, and suffered slightly from an attack of the Kurds, which might have been serious if it had been made in greater force. "Thus," says Mr Ainsworth, "they accomplished their entrance into Kurdistan without opposition, and crossed one of the most defensible passes which they were destined to meet. This is the point where the lofty mountain-chain—now designated as Jebél Júdí, and the same, according to Chaldean, Syriac, and Arabian traditions, as that on which the Ark rested—comes down to the very flood of the Tigris, which it encloses in an almost impassable barrier of rock."

The Greeks quartered themselves for the night in

the Kurdish houses, which they found well stocked with provisions, and with an abundance of copper pots. The hills all round were lit up with the watch-fires of the people. In the morning the generals determined to diminish their encumbrances by abandoning the greater part of their baggage-cattle and all their Persian prisoners. Having given an order to this effect, they took their stand at a narrow place on the march, and inspected all that was being taken onwards. They thus turned back whatever was not desirable to be brought, but Xenophon implies that some pretty female captives were smuggled through.

For the next two days the Greeks advanced, through storm and rain and the guerilla attacks of the Kurds, till they came to a place where further progress seemed impossible, as a lofty pass in front was occupied by the enemy. But they had made prisoners of two of the natives, and these were separately questioned as to the existence of any other route. One prisoner denied that there was any, and he was then put to death *pour encourager l'autre*, who at once offered to conduct them round by another road, but said that there was one height commanding it which must be occupied beforehand. Two thousand Greeks volunteered for this service and started in the evening, while Xenophon made a feint of marching along the direct route, which caused the Kurds to commence rolling down masses of stone upon it from above, an amusement* which they

* Stone-rolling as a mode of attacking the traveller seems still in vogue among the Kurdish mountain-passes. Major Millingen, in his 'Wild Life among the Koords' (1870), records that in a

continued harmlessly during the night. In the mean time the party of two thousand effected their operation. They occupied the height pointed out by their guide, and in the morning, under cover of the mist, they stole on the Kurds who were occupying the direct pass, and to the sound of the trumpet, and with a sudden war-cry, they routed them. Cheirisophus and his men at the first trumpet-note came along the direct road to assist, but they found the position already evacuated, and the pass clear. Xenophon, however, went round by the circuitous route, as it was better suited for the baggage-cattle. He had several skirmishes by the way, but at last joined the main body, when Cheirisophus and he parleyed with the natives, who agreed to give up the dead bodies of all slain Greeks in exchange for the prisoner who had served as guide. Funeral-rites were accordingly performed over

difficult road near Lake Van, while admiring the beauties of the landscape, "several stones began to roll upon us from the side of the mountain. This seeming at first accidental, we hastened our paces with the view of getting clear of a dangerous spot; but no sooner had we advanced a hundred yards farther on than more stones began to fall all round us, while voices could distinctly be heard from the heights above. Alarmed at the prospect of being lapidated to death before the journey was at an end, I shouted to Beheram, showing him a little creek towards which we both made a rush, and where we succeeded in finding shelter. The stones continued to fall, but, fortunately for us, the rocky canopy under which we were admirably protected us. Not knowing what might happen, I resolved, as we could see nothing of the caravan, on firing two shots of my revolver, which our people would take as signals of distress. The signal was soon answered by our men, and several detonations of fire-arms announced a speedy relief."

those of their comrades who had fallen by the formidable arrows of the Kurds. The privilege of discharging this melancholy duty was purchased at the cost of their only guide, a heavy sacrifice in an unknown country. But, nevertheless, they fought their way gallantly through the passes. Whenever the vanguard was opposed, Xenophon ascended the mountains from behind, and outflanked the enemy; and whenever the rear was attacked, Cheirisophus performed a similar service from the front. Thus they painfully advanced; and on the seventh day after first entering the mountains they emerged on an open plain, and saw before them the river Centrites (now called the Buhtán-chài), which separated Kurdistan from Armenia. During these seven days they had suffered more miseries than all which the King and Tissaphernes had inflicted put together. But now they joyfully rested in the villages on the plain, and in all comfort recalled the troubles and dangers which they had passed through.

The next day anxiety returned, for over the river (which was two hundred feet broad) they could see the opposite bank lined with the cavalry and infantry of the satrap of Armenia, and a large body of Kurds was collecting in their rear. The river too seemed to be unfordable. But Xenophon in the night had an encouraging dream:—he dreamed that he had been bound, but that his fetters fell off of their own accord; and next morning, while he was at breakfast, two young men brought him word that they had discovered a ford in a place where the rocks would prevent cavalry

from acting. After a libation of gratitude to the gods, the dispositions for crossing were made. Cheirisophus was to lead the vanguard, followed by the baggage, across the ford; while Xenophon with the rearguard was to make a feint of crossing directly opposite the satrap's troops, so as to threaten them and engage their attention. This plan was carried out, and the native troops, seeing two separate forces apparently crossing, were afraid of being surrounded; and hearing the pæan and the shouts of the men under Cheirisophus, swollen by the voices of the Greek women, of whom there were a good many in the army, they were seized with panic, and retreated, leaving the other side of the river clear. Xenophon had now only to make a lively demonstration against the Kurds who had come to attack him, and on their flight he was enabled to lead his men with all speed across the true ford, and then all the Greeks were safe on the other side.

They were now on the table-lands of Armenia, and, pushing on rapidly in a north-easterly direction, soon rounded the springs of the Tigris, and, passing not far to the west of Lake Van, came in five or six days' march to a pretty stream which Xenophon calls Teleboas, the banks of which were studded with villages. Here the satrap Tiribazus came up with them, and inviting a conference with the generals, he gave them leave to pass through the country, on condition of their taking only necessary supplies, without burning the villages. They proceeded accordingly, being constantly followed by the satrap and his troops. In three days they reached the government house of

Tiribazus, anxiety about which had probably been the cause of his conciliating them, and they made themselves at home in the surrounding hamlets. They were now about 4000 feet above the sea, and it was near the end of November. The sight of watch-fires in the neighbourhood, and other signs of hostility caused the army to bivouac together in the open air. But vast quantities of snow fell during the night, covering men and beasts, and in the morning they were numbed with cold, and Xenophon had to set the example of rising to cut firewood. Then they lit many fires, and the men anointed themselves with unguents which they found in the villages. After this they sent out a clever Greek captain with some men to reconnoitre, and they succeeded in bringing in a Persian captive. This man, being questioned, told them what troops the satrap had, and that he was preparing to intercept them in a pass which lay upon their line of march.

With the greatest energy the generals determined to sally forth and attack Tiribazus where he was, before he could occupy the pass. They succeeded in doing so. They surprised his camp among the mountains, killed some of his men, dispersed the rest, took his tent, his horses, and his couches with silver feet, and made prisoners of his bakers and cup-bearers. The next day they pushed forward with the utmost expedition, and got through the pass which was to have been held against them. Marching through deep snow for three days, they came to what is now called the Murád-sú, being the easterly branch of the Eu-

phrates, which they forded, the water not coming above their middle.

During the next four days they made about fifty miles over an exposed plain, from the Euphrates to a cluster of villages in the Armenian uplands, at a place now called Khanús. In these four marches they endured great sufferings. The snow was often six feet deep; there was a parching north wind which blew directly in their faces, their provisions were very scanty, and the enemy from time to time harassed their rear. Added to this, when we remember that they had only the ordinary light dress of the Greek—Greek sandals with thongs between the toes, and *no stockings*—we may well admire the hardihood shown by these sons of the palæstra. But several of them died, as well as slaves, and baggage-cattle in large numbers. Many got snow-blindness, others lost their toes by mortification, and many suffered from what Xenophon calls *bulimia* (literally ravenous hunger), which, however, does not appear to have been a distinctive disease, but only excessive faintness and inertia from long fasting in the cold. Xenophon had the greatest difficulty in bringing up the stragglers, many of whom wished to be left to their fate. One party of them discovered a hot spring, from which it was difficult to get them to move.

Cheirisophus and the vanguard of course got first to the villages, where they made themselves comfortable in the underground houses of the inhabitants, and where, according to the custom of the country, they sucked "barley-wine" through reeds out of tubs,

which had the grains of barley floating about in them. This "barley-wine" is in general considered to have been beer, but the terms in which Xenophon describes it would seem more applicable to whisky.* He says, "The liquor was very strong, unless one mixed water with it, and a very pleasant drink when one was accustomed to it."

The rear came up by degrees, and fared equally well, feasting on all kinds of meat which the villagers, who had not retreated, hospitably served up to them. They found many horses which were being bred as a tribute for the Great King, and Xenophon and the other officers got a remount. They remained for a week restoring their exhausted energies, and then set forth, taking the head-man of one of the villages as

* Major Millingen, in his 'Wild Life among the Koords,' p. 131, &c., mentions many customs still existing among the Kurdish and Armenian villages, exactly corresponding with the descriptions of Xenophon. He says, "My researches have, I think, put beyond doubt the accuracy of Xenophon's statements, and are of a nature to show the historical, geographical, and ethnological importance which is to be attached to the accounts handed down to posterity by that illustrious writer. Every phrase, every word of his, is found, after an interval of twenty-three centuries, to be of the most scrupulous exactitude, leaving no room for doubt and controversy." Finding in one house a cemented cistern, Major Millingen (p. 128) inquired its use. "The answer was, that almost every family throughout the country had those things. The Mussulmans make use of the cistern to extract from barley a liquor known all through the East by the name of 'bozat,' a fermented sort of malt liquor. The Armenian giaours, my interlocutors said humorously, employ their cisterns to make wine and 'raki' (whisky)."

their guide; but after a day or two this man, having been struck by Cheirisophus, ran away.

Owing to this they did not make a very straight course during their next nine days' march, which brought them to the foot of a formidable pass, guarded, as they could see, by the people of the country. Here a council of war was held, in which some lively banter occurred between Cheirisophus and Xenophon. The former was for marching straight at the enemy, and cutting their way through; Xenophon recommended that in the night they should send a detachment to occupy the heights above the enemy. "But this," he added, "would be stealing a march, and in any question about *stealing* I am diffident in speaking before Lacedæmonians, who, it is well known, are trained in this art from their boyhood." To this Cheirisophus retorted that "he understood the Athenians also were pretty skilful in stealing the public money. Their men in office invariably did so, and doubtless Xenophon himself was well skilled in the accomplishment: he had better now give them a specimen of his powers." Xenophon justified the ambiguous compliment by producing two natives whom he had caught by an ambush, and who would serve as guides in scaling the mountains. A night expedition was organised, which was perfectly successful. They occupied a height, and in the morning descended on the flank of the enemy, while Cheirisophus attacked them in front, so that they were speedily routed with slaughter. After erecting a trophy on the pass, they marched over it to some well-provisioned villages.

Their next adventure was with the Taochians, a people of Georgia, who lived not in villages but in hill-forts, in which all their provisions and cattle were stored. The Greeks, after five days' march, when their stores were exhausted, came to one of these strongholds, which necessity compelled them to wish to enter. The only access to this place was guarded by the natives, who rolled down masses of rock from above. A system, however, of judicious feints made by the Greek captains caused the enemy to exhaust their ammunition, and then the Cyreians gained the ascent, which was no longer defended by the natives. But a dreadful scene ensued, for the Taochian women first threw their children over the precipice, and then leapt to destruction themselves, being followed by the men. One of the Greeks, trying to hold back a native chief dressed in a rich garment, was drawn after him, and both were dashed to pieces. This wholesale and determined suicide prevented the army taking many prisoners, but they got plenty of cattle and sheep.

From this they passed into the country of the Chalybes, another Georgian tribe. This people was famed in antiquity for traffic in the iron which they found abundantly in their mountains. They have thus given their name to the "chalybeate springs" of modern watering-places. Xenophon says that these were the bravest warriors that they had encountered in their march. They carried immense spears, twenty-two feet long, and short curved knives (like the *kookaries* of the Goorkhas), with which they cut off the heads

of all whom they could overpower. For seven days they harassed the rear of the Greeks, who, as they also kept all their provisions in hill-forts, could get nothing in their country.

But the beginning of the end was now come in the retreat of the Ten Thousand, for in a few days they arrived at the large and wealthy city of Gymnias, thought by some to correspond to the Erzerum of modern times. Here the governor sent out a guide to conduct them through a country with which his own people were at war. And the guide told them that in five days he would lead them to a place whence they could see the Euxine, and that if he failed in this they might kill him. As soon as they had entered the hostile country, he exhorted them to burn and plunder, which doing, they marched on. And on the fifth day they came to the mountain called Theches, held sacred in the neighbourhood; and when the front ranks had reached the summit and caught sight of the sea, they raised a great shout. Xenophon and the rear-guard, hearing it, thought that the army was being attacked in front, for the people whose country they had devastated were hanging about them. But the noise continually increased, as fresh men kept getting to the top and immediately joined in the shouts of the others, and Xenophon thought something extraordinary must have happened. So, mounting his horse, he took the cavalry with him, and galloped forward to give aid, when presently they made out that the soldiers were shouting "*Thalatta! Thalatta!*"—"The Sea! The Sea!" and cheering one another.

Then all began to run, rear-guard and all; and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed. And when all had got to the top, the men embraced each other, and embraced their generals and captains, weeping. And on a sudden impulse they brought stones, and raised a mighty mound, and made on it a trophy decorated with the hacked shields of their enemies, to commemorate their deliverance. And then, to reward their guide for fulfilling his promise, they loaded him with presents from the public stock, while many soldiers pulled the rings off their fingers and gave them to him, and thus sent him away rejoicing.

Such was the famous incident which has so struck the fancy of the world, that the shout of the Greeks on this occasion has become a household word for subsequent ages. Xenophon records the scene in the most simple terms, merely as an outward fact, without adding a single sentiment or reflection of his own. On the one hand, this may be regarded as a stroke of high art, which would dictate simplicity in relating what was in itself so touching; on the other hand, it was a part of that Greek reserve and concentration of style which forms so great a contrast to the Gothic sentimentalism of modern times, and which led Xenophon to narrate the march through so many wild and impressive mountain-passes without a word of allusion to the grandeur of the scenery. But he doubtless felt instinctively, without developing into words, all that was implied to his comrades in their first returning glimpse of the sea. Universally to the Greeks the sea

was the emblem of home, or of easy access to their home. To be taken far up country, deep into the continent of Asia, had always hitherto been a thought of vague fear to the Greek soldier, while he was ready for anything within a short distance of the coast. No Greek force before the Ten Thousand had ever ventured anything like so far away from the Ægean; and they had gone not of deliberate purpose, but being lured on gradually under the influence of Cyrus. The silver gleam of the distant Euxine was to them the restoration of the object of long yearnings, and sudden relief and ecstasy found a vent in the spontaneous shout of *Thalatta!* and in passionate tears.

Full of the thoughts of fatherland, and "of child and wife and slave," all which had hitherto seemed so far but now so near, the Greeks pursued their course, and arrived at a stream separating them from the country of the Macrones, where they found a hostile array drawn up to oppose their crossing. But in the army was a soldier who belonged to this very tribe, from which he had been taken when a boy as a slave to Athens. He had not forgotten his native tongue, and was able to assure his people that the Greeks meant them no harm. So after mutual pledges of amity, the Macrones conducted them for three days through their land, to the boundaries of the Colchians.

Here on the pass over a lofty range a native force was stationed to meet them. The generals took counsel together as to the best means of conducting the attack; and it was decided not to attack in line,

but in a series of columns extending by short intervals over the whole of the enemy's line. When the men had been put into this form, Xenophon rode along the front, and addressed to them the following pithy exhortation: "Soldiers, these men whom we have before us are the only obstacle in the way of our being where we have so long been striving to be. If possible, we must eat them alive." The soldiers, after hearing these words, made vows of sacrifices to the gods in case of success; and having sung the pæan, they commenced the charge in eighty columns, with archers and skirmishers on their flanks. The enemy, seeing their wings threatened, drew off men to the right and left, and actually left a gap in their centre, at which the Greeks dashed at full speed. The sight of the Greeks running was too much for the Colchians, who now fled in all directions; while the Greeks, rejoicing in their bloodless victory, marched over the pass into some abandoned villages.

In these villages their last adventure occurred. It consisted in their finding a quantity of bee-hives, from which they ate the honey abundantly. But the honey was of a kind common to this day in Asia Minor, made from a species of rhododendron, or from the common rose laurel (*nerium oleander*), and having intoxicating and poisonous qualities. From the effects of this honey large numbers of the soldiers fell stupefied or maddened to the ground, and for two or three days they were *hors de combat*, but at the end of that time all recovered.

Two more marches brought them down to the sea,

at Trapezus (now Trebizond), a large Greek city on the coast of the Colchian territory. Here they remained for a month, being hospitably entertained, resting from their toils, and from time to time plundering the native villages on the neighbouring hills. Here they sacrificed to Jupiter the Preserver, Hercules the Conductor, and other gods, in fulfilment of vows which they had made in different crises of their march. After the sacrifices they celebrated games, of which Xenophon gives a comical account. A steep hill-side was chosen for the race-course, down which horses had to gallop, and, turning round in the sea, to come up again to the altar on the top. "In the descent many rolled over; but in coming back against the stiff ascent, the horses could hardly get along at a walk. There was consequently great shouting and laughter and cheering from the people."

With these words of light-hearted good-humour, Xenophon concludes his account of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from Babylonia to Trebizond, on the Euxine. The retreat itself had occupied five months, and it was now the month of February, in the year 400 B.C. Additional difficulties and troubles awaited them in their return through the outlying Greek colonies; these were partly of their own creation, and partly owing to the selfishness of their countrymen. A whole year elapsed before the remnant of the Cyreian force was incorporated with the Lacedæmonian army in Asia Minor, and before Xenophon left them. These subsequent events, and with them the later personal career of Xenophon, the chief leader

and the historian of the march, will form the subject of our next chapter. The preceding pages have reflected a brilliant episode of Greek military history. It is true that the Cyreian force encountered no enemies who combined bravery of spirit with the arts of war. Their opponents were effeminate Orientals or half-savage mountaineers. Yet the Greeks had always the odds of either overwhelming numbers, or of difficulties of the ground, against them. Through these their untiring energy and courage, and the *prestige* created by their bold front and their *élan*, alone carried them. They were favoured, of course, by fortune, and also by the errors and the backwardness of their foes. After the affair of Cunaxa, it would seem easy for the King to have wasted the country with his cavalry, to have kept them outside the Median wall, and to have starved them into submission. Again, after Tissaphernes had murdered their officers, it is difficult to see why he did not hold the passage of the Zab against them, or why in the succeeding days he did not attack them in force. Doubtless he would have done so if their march through the plain had continued longer, because his troops were gradually getting accustomed to the idea of encountering Greeks. But from this danger, to which they must ultimately have succumbed, the mountains of Kurdistan opportunely saved them. After that point the difficulties were of a different kind, and such as their Greek versatility and buoyancy of spirit were able to cope with.

The graphic memoir in which Xenophon recorded the fortunes of the Ten Thousand divulged a secret to

the world: this was the secret of the essential weakness of the Persian empire. Henceforth, as Mr Grote observes,* all the military and political leaders of Greece—Agesilaus, Jason of Pheræ, and others, down to Philip and Alexander—were firmly persuaded that, with a tolerably numerous force, they could at any moment succeed in overthrowing the Persian power. This conviction waited for time and opportunity to give it effect. For two generations Persia maintained an influence over the affairs of Greece by subsidising one state against another. But when all the Greek states had fallen under the rule of Macedonia, then the hour struck. Alexander the Great went forth to conquer Persia, and in so doing he changed the face of the world and the course of history. But nothing is more clear than that the revelations of Xenophon had taken hold of his mind, and that the idea of the expedition of Alexander sprang originally from the 'Anabasis' of Xenophon.

* History of Greece, vol. ix. p. 248.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUBSEQUENT FORTUNES OF THE TEN THOUSAND, AND NOTICES OF THE LATER LIFE OF XENOPHON.

"WHAT the Greeks did in their march up the country with Cyrus, and what they underwent in their journey to the Euxine Sea; how they arrived at the Greek city of Trebizond, and how they offered the sacrifices which they had vowed to offer for their safety as soon as they should reach a friendly country, has been related in the preceding part of this narrative." Thus begins the fifth book of the 'Anabasis,' and Xenophon now proceeds to record the proceedings of a council which was held at Trebizond to consider the next steps to be pursued. Wearied as the soldiers were by incessant marching and fighting, they desired to perform the rest of the journey before them on ships, and thus to arrive home as Ulysses was described by Homer to have done—"stretched out in sleep." It was agreed that Cheirisophus should sail away to Byzantium, and persuade Anaxibius, the Lacedæmonian admiral there, to send ships for them.

Cheirisophus having started, foraging-parties of the

army went out to plunder the neighbouring villages. The most extensive operation was that undertaken by about half the army under Xenophon against the Drylæ or Drillians, a warlike tribe among the mountains, of whom nothing further is known. With some difficulty and "not inconsiderable" loss, they took the citadel of these people, and plundered their chief town. As Cheirisophus did not return, and provisions were running short, the Greeks commenced their march by land along the coast, sending the sick and all who were above forty years of age by sea, in a few vessels which they had procured.

In three days they arrived at Cerasus, or Kerasunt, a place which has given its name to that now popular fruit, the cherry, which was first introduced into Europe from Cerasus by the Roman general Lucullus, in the year 73 B.C.* Here the soldiers were reviewed under arms, and were found to be reduced in number by the casualties of the retreat to 8600 men. A division was made of the money that had been obtained by the sale of captives. A tenth part was consecrated to Apollo and to Diana of Ephesus, and each man received his share of the remainder. Starting hence, they fought their way through the country of the

* "The cherry is said to have been introduced into Britain one hundred and twenty years afterwards; but some suppose that the cherries introduced by the Romans into Britain were lost, and they were reintroduced in the time of Henry VIII. by Richard Haines, the fruiterer of that monarch. The Romans extended the cultivation of the cherry to eight varieties. In the British gardens are upwards of forty sorts."—Mr Ainsworth's 'Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks.'

Mosynæci, whose metropolis they plundered; and then came upon another settlement of the Chalybes, engaged in the manufacture of iron, and apparently peaceable in habits. Without further difficulty they reached Cotyora,* a Greek colony from Sinope, and half-way between that place and Trebizond. At this point they had marched in eight months 1860 geographical miles from the plains of Babylon. The Cyreians were not admitted into the town of Cotyora, but they encamped under the walls, and remained here for forty-five days, during which time the thought of remaining altogether appears to have occurred to the minds of some. After all the difficulties they had surmounted, there still lay great obstacles between them and their Grecian fatherland. In the first place, unless they could procure shipping for the force, they would have to pass through the hostile country of Paphlagonia, intersected by four broad rivers — the Thermodon, the Iris, the Halys, and the Parthenius. Negotiations were therefore opened with the people of Sinope to supply them with ships. But, in the mean time, when Xenophon contemplated the brilliant little army still left with him, the idea arose in his mind that it would be a noble thing to employ this force in some enterprise of conquest and colonisation on the Euxine itself. He seems to have thought of attacking and conquering Phasis, or some other non-Hellenic city, and of settling down in the conquered territory with such of the soldiers as might be willing to remain. Patriotically, he thought of the prestige

* No traces of this town can be found at the present day.

and advantage which would be thus gained for Greece; and personally, he doubtless thought of the position which he might himself hold as founder and ruler of a new Hellenic city, which could hardly fail to become rich, powerful, and important. A trifling obstacle, however, thwarted all his plans. Before communicating them to the soldiers, Xenophon, according to his usual custom, and in accordance with the advice of Socrates, determined to take counsel of the gods. He called on the chief soothsayer of the army, by name Silanus, to offer a sacrifice, and consult the omens as to his project of colonisation. Now it so happened that Silanus was in a different position from all the rest of the army; for while they were all returning with their pockets empty, Silanus had managed to bring safely through the march a sum of 3000 darics (£2600), which Cyrus had given him as a reward for a successful divination.* Silanus then was of all things most anxious to get home at once, and to prevent anything which might detain the army and himself with it in Asia Minor. He dared not tell Xenophon that the omens were unfavourable to the main issue, as they were not so, and Xenophon knew all about the rules of divination. But he said that he discerned in the victims some collateral indications of a conspiracy against Xenophon. And he took care to prove the truth of these alleged indications, by prematurely divulging to the army a garbled account of the plans of Xenophon, and thus creating a prejudice against them.

* See above, p. 20.

The promulgation of these designs had, at all events, one good result. For the merchants from Sinope and Heraclea, who had come to the camp, being alarmed by the notion of a powerful military force seizing territory, and disturbing relations in their neighbourhood, came forward and agreed to guarantee transports for the mercenaries to the Hellespont, with the additional promise of a liberal scale of pay, to commence from the first new moon after their departure from Cotyora. Timasion and Thorax, two officers who were especially jealous of Xenophon, urged these offers upon the acceptance of the army, while others loudly accused him of underhand manœuvring to cheat the soldiers into remaining against their will. Xenophon at once rose to rebut these charges; and having showed the impossibility of his detaining the army against its will, and the absurdity of supposing that he could aim at doing so, he concluded by saying,* "If you had continued as destitute and unprovided as you were just now, I should still have looked out for a resource in the capture of some city which would have enabled such of you as chose to return at once, while the rest might stay behind to enrich themselves. But now there is no longer any necessity, since Heraclea and Sinope are sending transports, and Timasion promises pay to you from the next new moon. Nothing can be better; you will go back safely to Greece, and will receive pay for going thither. I desist at once from my scheme, and call upon all who were favourable to desist also. Only let us all keep together until we are on safe ground,

* Abridged by Mr Grote, History of Greece, vol. ix. p. 184.

and let the man who lags behind or runs off be condemned as a wrong-doer." This question being put to the vote, every hand was held up in its favour. The last suggestion was a shaft aimed at the soothsayer Silanus, who had decidedly intended to "run off" with his treasure at the earliest opportunity. This indeed he ultimately effected; but for the present the soldiers put down his protestations, threatening him with punishment if he should be found attempting to desert.

Xenophon had satisfied the army with regard to his actions and intentions in the present, but he was shortly afterwards called upon to clear himself of certain charges with regard to the past. It was resolved among the army, during their long halt at Cotyora, that the generals should be called upon to give an account of their conduct during the march, and Xenophon among the rest came in for his share of unfavourable, and not very grateful, review. We have seen how, along the bank of the Tigris, through the passes of Kurdistan, over the uplands of Armenia, throughout the whole march, he was the life and soul of the army. Always fertile in device; always active, ready, and cheerful; equally prompt to counsel others and to meet danger himself—he gradually acquired an ascendancy far beyond that of the other commanders. There seems little doubt that the salvation of the force was greatly due to Xenophon. But now that the troops were comparatively safe on the shore of the Euxine, they forgot, in some instances, the benefit of being commanded, and looked back on the command as a grievance. The following passage is given in full, not

only as an account of what now occurred, but as an illustration of Xenophon's mode of procedure in the army; and also as an attempt to convey, as well as a translation can do this, some idea of his style of writing:—

Some also brought accusations against Xenophon, alleging that they had been beaten by him, and charging him with having behaved insolently. On this, Xenophon stood up and called on him who had spoken first to say where he had been beaten. He answered, "Where we were perishing with cold, and when the snow was deepest." Xenophon rejoined, "Come, come; in such severe weather as you mention, when provisions had failed, and we had not wine so much as to smell to,—when many were exhausted with fatigue, and the enemy were close behind,—if at such a time I behaved insolently, I acknowledge that I must be more vicious than an ass, which, they say, is too vicious to feel being tired. Tell us, however, why you were beaten. Did I ask you for anything, and beat you when you would not give it me? Did I ask anything back from you? Was I quarrelling about a love affair? Did I maltreat you in my cups?" As the man said that there was nothing of this kind, Xenophon asked him, Whether he was one of the heavy-armed troops? He answered "No." Whether he was a targeteer? He said he was "not that either, but a free man, who had been sent to drive a mule by his comrades." On this Xenophon recognised him, and asked him, "What! are you the man who was conveying the sick person?" "Ay, by Jupiter, I am," said he, "for you compelled me to do it, and you scattered about the baggage of my comrades." "The scattering," rejoined Xenophon, "was something in this way: I distributed it to others to carry, and ordered them to bring it to me again; and having got it back, I restored it all safe to you as soon as you had produced the man that I gave you in charge. But hear, all of

you," he continued, "in what way the affair happened, for it is worth listening to. A man was being left behind because he was able to march no farther. I knew nothing of him, except that he was one of us. And I compelled you, sir, to bring him, that he might not perish; for, if I mistake not, the enemy was pressing upon us." This the complainant acknowledged. "Well, then," said Xenophon, "after I had sent you on, did not I catch you, as I came up with the rearguard, digging a trench to bury the man, when I stopped and commended you? But while we were standing by, the man drew up his leg, and those who were there cried out that he was alive. And you said, 'He may be as much alive as he likes, for I shan't carry him.' On this I struck you, it is quite true, for you seemed to me to have been aware that the man was alive." "Well, then," exclaimed the other, "did he die any the less after I had rendered him up to you?" "Why, we shall all die," said Xenophon; "but is that any reason that we should be buried alive?" Hereupon all the assembly cried out that Xenophon had not beaten the fellow half enough. And this complaint having been disposed of, no others were brought against Xenophon, who then addressed the soldiers, saying, "I acknowledge to have struck many men for breach of discipline—men who were content to owe their preservation to your orderly march and constant fighting, while they themselves left the ranks and ran on before, so as to have an advantage over you in looting. Had we all acted as they did, we should have perished to a man. Sometimes, too, I struck men who were lagging behind with cold and fatigue, or were stopping the way so as to hinder others from getting forward. I struck them with my fist, in order to prevent them from being struck by the lance of the enemy. It is a plain case: if I punished any one for his good, I claim the privilege of parents with their children, masters with their scholars, and surgeons with their patients. In the time of storm the captain must be rough

with his men, for the least mistake is fatal. But this is all over now; the calm has come. And since I strike nobody now, when by the favour of the gods I am in good spirits, and am no longer depressed, with cold, hunger, and fatigue, and now that I have more wine to drink, you may see that it was at all events not through insolence that I struck any one before. If such things are to be brought up against me, I would ask in common fairness that some of you stand up on the other side and recall a few of the occasions on which I have helped you against the cold, or against the enemy, or when sick, or in distress."

These words produced the desired effect. Many individuals responded to the appeal, "so that," as Xenophon briefly tells us, "it was all right in the end,"—that is to say, that he was not merely acquitted, but stood higher than before in the estimation of the army.

The remaining history of the return of the ten thousand Greeks is a record of the successive triumphs of Xenophon's good sense, governing capacity, and persuasive oratory. And a very difficult task he appears to have had in keeping the army straight, now that it had got into the region of Greek colonies. When the pressure of the Persian cavalry and of hostile mountain tribes was removed, the Cyreian army constantly tended to lose its unity, and resolve itself into sections and individual atoms. Xenophon alone, as Mr Grote points out, possessed a power, not shared by the other generals, of working on the minds of the soldiers collectively, and of keeping up an *esprit de corps* among them. He owed this to his Athenian education. He always treated every assemblage of the soldiers as an agora, or formal meeting for debate.

He thus brought into play the art which he alone in the army appears to have possessed—the art of dealing with and influencing assembled multitudes. His speeches, considered in relation to their object and occasion, are models of oratory. Apparently straightforward and simple, and totally free from all flourishes of rhetoric, they yet are most artistically constructed, so as to say the most effective things in the most effective way. The report of them is so graphically given, that we seem to have the whole scene before our eyes, and to be made interested spectators of transactions that took place twenty-two hundred years before any of us was born. And it must be added that, in these transactions, we find Xenophon always using his powers of influence for good and worthy purposes—for the advantage of the army as a whole, rather than for any isolated objects of self-aggrandisement; and for the prevention equally of base conduct, and of rash and calamitous enterprise.

The Cyreian Greeks, embarking in the ships which had been provided for them, sailed along the Black Sea to Sinope—a name rendered familiar to the present generation by the disastrous episode of the Russian war* which occurred there in 1853. At this flourishing Greek seaport, the seat of an ancient Milesian colony, they were hospitably received, and here the soldiers began to feel the absolute necessity of striking some blow which might fill their purses and save them from returning empty-handed to Greece. For the success of such a project they determined that they

* See Mr Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, vol. i. p. 373.

must have a single commander-in-chief to lead them. Their thoughts at once turned towards Xenophon, and they unanimously deputed their captains to request him to accept the command. Xenophon was in some degree tempted by so flattering a proposal; but, on the other hand, he reflected on the difficulties and precariousness of the position offered to him; and being in doubt, he resolved, as usual, to lay the matter before the gods. "Jupiter the King," to whom he sacrificed, showed nothing but warning and dissuasive omens. So when the army was assembled, and Xenophon had been formally proposed for election as commander, he rose and deprecated such a step on the ground that it would be a slight to Sparta, as the leading state of Greece, if an Athenian should be chosen commander, when a Lacedæmonian general was present. Several speakers opposed this excuse as invalid. But when Xenophon plainly told them that the omens had been unfavourable to his accepting the chief command, they acquiesced, and chose for their chief Cheirisophus the Lacedæmonian, who had commanded the vanguard in the retreat from Persia.

The army now pursued its voyage over waters which were said to have of old borne the Argo, the symbolic precursor of Greek nautical enterprise. They soon arrived at Heraclea, which had been colonised from Megara, a city not far from Athens. Here they were hospitably received by the inhabitants, who sent them out presents of oxen, barley-meal, wine, and other things. The soldiers, however, being still in a discontented and greedy frame of mind, began

to debate whether they should continue their journey homewards by sea or by land; and some proposed and actually carried the resolution that they should levy a tribute of £2300 or more upon the city that had received them so kindly. Both Cheirisophus and Xenophon absolutely refused to have anything to do with making such an unjust demand on a friendly Greek city. The soldiers thereupon sent three persons of their own nomination to convey their resolutions to the people of Heraclea. The demands and the threats of these envoys merely had the effect of causing the Heracleans to close their gates and put themselves in a state of defence. The army, thus baffled, broke out into fresh dissensions and insubordination. The Arcadians and Achæans, who made up above half the force, separated themselves from the rest and chose their own generals. And thus the chief command of Cheirisophus came to an end on the sixth or seventh day after he had been chosen. Some two thousand of the troops attached themselves to Xenophon, and the army was broken up into three divisions. Moving still to the west, these three divisions separately (one in ships and two by land) reached Calpe, a harbour in Bithynia, not far from the Bosphorus. Here each of the two other divisions got into trouble in marauding expeditions, and were severally rescued by the division under Xenophon. Here also Cheirisophus died of fever, and Xenophon became virtually, though not nominally, the commander-in-chief. And the soldiers passed a resolution that no one, under pain of death, should again propose to divide the army.

Xenophon evidently set eyes of affection upon the harbour of Calpe. He describes with enthusiasm its convenient situation under a lofty rock, its copious supply of water, the abundant timber in its neighbourhood, and the fertility of the surrounding country—producing, as he twice observes, "everything except olives," which, as a Greek, he seems particularly to have missed. The belief that he wanted to colonise the place was very strong in the army, and the soldiers, as a protest, refused to encamp upon the very spot which Xenophon says "would have been the natural site for a city." To explain this conduct of theirs, he mentions that the majority of Greeks in the army were not absolutely poor men, but (what we should call) gentlemen, who had joined the expedition from a regard to Cyrus, or under the idea that brilliant fortunes might be made in his service. Many of them had families at home, and they now wanted to get back.

The natives of the surrounding country had the same impression that a new city was to be formed, and after Xenophon had given them a little taste of Greek prowess, in a sharp skirmish with some Bithynian troops assisted by some cavalry belonging to the Persian satrap, they sent in proposals of alliance. Traders along the coast, also, willingly put in to secure the custom of the supposed settlers. And the omens for departure, whenever a sacrifice was made, were, or seemed to Xenophon, extremely unfavourable. The army thus rested many days at Calpe, whence they did a good deal of plundering.

And now a new character appeared on the scene. This was Cleander, the Lacedæmonian governor of Byzantium (now Constantinople), to whom communications had been sent, and who now came with two ships. The circumstances of his arrival were unfortunate, for the army was out on raid, and when they came back some of the men got embroiled with one of Cleander's followers. This man was really acting unjustly, by endeavouring to prevent part of the plunder from being conducted to the public store. In the dispute he was roughly treated by Agasias, a friend of Xenophon's, and was pelted with stones by some soldiers. This gave rise to what we should call "a grave complication;" for the powerful Cleander himself was frightened by the excited soldiery, and he threatened, when Xenophon had restored order, to sail away and to proclaim the Cyreian army enemies to Sparta, and interdicted from reception in any Grecian city. The effective eloquence and perfect tact of Xenophon were now in requisition; and by the use of these, on the one hand, he persuaded the soldiers to make absolute submission; and, on the other hand, he mollified Cleander, and induced him, not only to pass over what had occurred, but to accept the command of the army, for the purpose of conducting them back to Greece. Unfortunately, however, the omens were for three days unfavourable, and Cleander, though expressing the greatest friendship for the Cyreian force, declared that evidently the gods would not allow him to do more for them than to prepare for them a good reception at Byzantium when they should arrive there; and he

accordingly sailed away. The army shortly afterwards started by land, and after a six days' march, having done a good stroke of looting on the way, they arrived at Chrysopolis, which answers to the modern Scutari, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, well known as the seat of our hospitals during the Crimean war.

The Cyreian soldiers were now on the threshold of their fatherland, but actual return seemed still as hard for them as it had been for the much-wandering Ulysses. The concluding pages of Xenophon's narrative represent them as bandied about by Persian satraps, Lacedæmonian officials, and Thracian chiefs, all equally unscrupulous in conduct. The interest of such details consists in the picture of the times which they give us. We see the total want of "solidarity" among the Greek states. Sparta, indeed, appears as all-powerful, but quite devoid of kindred feeling towards Greeks as Greeks. No welcome as to countrymen is extended to the Greek force who, with such unparalleled bravery and skill, had just cut their way out of the depths of the Persian empire. They are regarded with cold selfishness or suspicion as tools to be used, or an infliction to be dreaded. We see, then, that principle of self-seeking isolation at work in Greece which made her the prey of Macedonia, and afterwards of Rome. And those acquainted with India will be aware that it is the same principle which has split up a vast homogeneous population, and has given over to the rule of England an empire extending from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

While the Greeks were at Chrysopolis, Cleander

ceased to be the first man in Byzantium; for Anaxibius, the High Admiral of Sparta, happened to come there, and was, of course, superior to the local governor. The first intrigue against the Greek army was managed by Pharnabazus, the Persian satrap in their neighbourhood, who made interest with Anaxibius to remove them out of his country. Anaxibius, willing to gratify an Oriental magnate, made no scruple in inviting the Greeks over to Byzantium, under promise of pay for the troops. When he had got them there he gave them no pay, but simply ordered them to pack up and march home by the Chersonese. The soldiers were naturally excited at this treatment, and they were within an ace of sacking the town of Byzantium. Xenophon required all his oratory to dissuade them from such a step, which would have infallibly reduced them all to the position of hopeless outlaws. The attention of the army was now diverted by the offers of a Theban adventurer, who proposed to engage them for a filibustering expedition. As, however, it turned out that he was unable to provision them, the negotiations broke down, and the army took up its quarters in some Thracian villages, not far from Byzantium. A good many of the soldiers disbanded; some sold their arms to pay their passage home; others joined the people in the neighbouring towns.

Xenophon in the meanwhile had taken leave of the army, having induced Anaxibius to give him a passage home. They sailed together, but before they had got out of the Sea of Marmora they were met by one Aristarchus, who was on his way to replace Cleander as governor of

Byzantium, and who brought news that Anaxibius himself had been superseded. Anaxibius, wishing to do a last good turn to Pharnabazus, advised Aristarchus, when he had got to his government, to seize and *sell for slaves* as many of the Cyreian soldiers as he could lay hands on. Aristarchus, acting on this hint, appears actually to have sold four hundred of them whom he found in Byzantium—one of the most atrocious little acts in all history! And Anaxibius, being naturally anxious to get some reward for his zeal from Pharnabazus, sent to him; but the satrap, who had in the mean time learned that Anaxibius was no longer in power, promptly gave him the cold shoulder, and would have no communications with him.

The disappointed selfishness of Anaxibius now took a new direction, and he became as anxious to plant a thorn in the side of the Persian magnate as he had hitherto been to serve him. He called Xenophon, and "ordered" him by all means to sail back to the army, to keep it together and collect the scattered men, and bring over the force without delay into Asia. Xenophon does not tell us what were his own reflections upon this commission. Perhaps he could not have got home against the wishes of Anaxibius. Perhaps the feeling of old companionship with the army was strong upon him. He speaks as if he had at once accepted the task imposed upon him. In a ship, furnished by the ex-admiral, he crossed again to Thrace, and arrived among the army, by whom he was gladly welcomed. He got the men down to Perinthus, a port on the Sea of Marmora, and began to

collect ships for their conveyance. But Aristarchus, the new governor of Byzantium, acting, as Anaxibius had before done, in the interest of Pharnabazus, now interposed, and threatened "to drown any man who should be found on the sea." And while the harassed Greeks were thus again arrested in their movements, there came to them fresh overtures from Seuthes, a neighbouring chief of Thrace, who had before made several attempts to get the Cyreian contingent into his pay.

The omens of sacrifice appeared to Xenophon to favour the entertaining of these overtures. He therefore went to Seuthes, whom he found living in a guarded castle, and who told him that he required the troops for the recovery of his hereditary rights as prince of the Odrysians, of which rights he had been forcibly deprived, and driven to lead the life of a marauding chief. He offered pay of one stater (about £1, 2s. 6d.) per month for each soldier, with double for the captains, and four times as much for each general. He promised, in addition, lands, yokes of oxen, and a walled town to reside in. To Xenophon he offered his daughter and a town to himself. He further undertook never to lead the Greeks more than seven days' march from the sea.

Upon the faith of these promises the Greeks entered the service of Seuthes, and were entertained by him with a barbaric feast, at which some ludicrous incidents occurred; and after which a Thracian entered bringing a white horse, and, taking a horn full of wine, said, "I drink to you, O Seuthes! and present you

with this horse, on which you will pursue your enemies." Another, in similar fashion, offered a young slave; another some vestments, and so on. When Xenophon saw that some complimentary offering was expected from himself, and as the wine-horn was presented to him for this very purpose, he stood up boldly, and, taking the horn, said, "I present you, O Seuthes, myself and my comrades, to be your faithful friends, and to recover your dominions for you." The pledge and offering were well received, and the feast ended merrily. After all had well drunk, and the Greeks were thinking of retiring to their lines for the night, Seuthes proposed that they should at once strike a blow. So, though it was the depth of winter, they started at midnight, and, having crossed a mountain covered with snow, they came down next day on villages which they plundered and burnt. The booty was sent away to be sold at Perinthus, to provide pay for the troops. Afterwards they marched into the country called the Delta of Thrace, above Byzantium. The Greeks had a good deal of fighting, and suffered severely from the frost, not being so warmly clad as the natives of the country. When the first month was up, presents were offered to the generals (Xenophon, however, declined to take anything); and twenty days', instead of a month's, pay, was given to the troops. This naturally caused discontent, and gave rise to a quarrel between Xenophon and Heraclides, the paymaster of Seuthes, who tried as much as possible to damage Xenophon with his master. He even endeavoured to get the other Greek generals to

say that they could lead the army just as well as Xenophon. But it is a remarkable proof of the confidence which Xenophon's conduct had gradually inspired, that Timasion and other generals who had before been jealous of him, now said that nothing would induce them to serve without him.

This testimony of his brother officers must have been particularly gratifying to Xenophon, for the men, who were less discerning, and whose minds were warped by anger at their pay being continually withheld, yielded to all sorts of suspicions against Xenophon, who, they thought, must have been privately enriched by Seuthes. His position in the army was therefore, for the time, particularly uncomfortable, and he seems to have felt it very much. The service of the Greeks with Seuthes continued for two months, during which time they took and plundered villages far and wide, even as far up as Salmydessus, a seaport on the Euxine; and, in short, they brought the whole country into subjection to Seuthes. By the addition of men from the conquered tribes to his army, he had by this time a force twice as numerous as the Greeks, whom he now only wished to get rid of without the necessity of paying them.

A change in Greek politics, at this juncture, afforded the Cyreians an escape from their difficulties. The Lacedæmonians had just declared war against the Persian satraps, Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus, and had sent their general, Thimbron, into Asia to commence military operations. They then became extremely anxious to avail themselves of the remnant of the ten

thousand Greeks, and, instead of forbidding, to urge them to cross over to Asia. Two Spartan envoys, Charminus and Polynicus, arrived at the Greek camp with a commission from Thimbron to offer the army the same pay as had been promised, though not paid, by Seuthes. These commissioners were hospitably received by Seuthes, who saw in them a means of ridding himself of the army which he had made his catspaw, and wanted no longer. In private audience, the envoys asked his opinion of Xenophon, and Seuthes replied, "He is not a bad fellow on the whole, but he is a *soldier's friend*, and that hurts his interests." Xenophon appears to have had great satisfaction in recording this little certificate to the disinterestedness of his conduct.

The soldiers on hearing the offers of Thimbron joyfully closed with them, but still complained bitterly of the way in which they had been cheated by Seuthes. Charminus, acknowledging the justice of their complaint, himself made a representation on the subject to the Thracian chief, but without effect. As a last appeal, he even sent Xenophon to demand the arrears of pay in the name of the Lacedæmonians. This "afforded the Athenian an opportunity of administering a severe lecture to Seuthes. But the latter was found less accessible than the Cyreian assembled soldiers to the workings of eloquence: nor did Xenophon obtain anything beyond a miserable dividend upon the sum due — together with civil expressions towards himself personally; an invitation to remain with a thousand men, instead of going to Asia with

the army; and renewed promises, not likely now to find much credit, of a fort and a grant of lands." *

But the troubles of Xenophon were now over, and a run of good-luck for himself closes his account of the Expedition of Cyrus. He would have gone straight to Athens, but the soldiers, who were now on the best terms with him, begged him not to leave them till they should be handed over to Thimbron. They all crossed the sea of Marmora to Lampsacus, celebrated for its wine. Here Xenophon met an old acquaintance, one Euclides, a soothsayer, who asked him how much gold he had. Xenophon replied, that so far from having anything, he was just going to sell his horse to pay his travelling expenses. The soothsayer, on inspection of the victims, said that evidently Xenophon had spoken the truth, but "had he sufficiently propitiated Jupiter the Gracious?" Xenophon admitted that he had not sacrificed to this deity, whom he seemed to think it natural to regard as quite distinct from Jupiter the King, to whom he had made frequent offerings. He at once repaired the deficiency, and the very same day the Lacedæmonian paymasters, hearing that he had sold a favourite horse, repurchased it for him at the price of about £55.

Marching through the Troas, they arrived at Pergamus, famous for its library of 200,000 volumes, afterwards transferred to Alexandria; for the invention of parchment (the name of which is derived from *Pergamena*); for its painting and architecture; and for being the seat of one of the Seven Churches of Asia. Here

* Mr Grote's History of Greece, vol. ix. p. 234, 235.

Xenophon was hospitably entertained by a Greek lady, who told him of a prize awaiting him in the person of one Asidates, a wealthy Persian, who resided in the neighbourhood. Finding the omens favourable, Xenophon set out after supper, taking only a select party of his friends, in order not to have to divide the booty among too many. But the country-house of the Persian was strongly fortified, and resisted the night attack. And at daybreak various troops in the pay of the Great King came to the rescue, and it was as much as the Greeks could do to fight their way back to their lines, with some slaves and cattle enclosed in a hollow square. The next day the unfortunate Asidates attempted to move off with his family and his goods, but Xenophon came down upon him with the whole Cyreian force, and carried him off with all that he possessed. Xenophon now exultingly says that "he had no complaint against Jupiter the Gracious." For the army placed at his disposal the pick of the spoil, so that he was "now even in a position to serve a friend."

This is the last incident recorded in the 'Anabasis.' To some it has appeared as a blot upon the character of Xenophon, but it might be remembered first, that the Greeks were actually at war with the Persians at this time; secondly, that the international morality of the day gave a general sanction to acts of the kind, when "barbarians" and not Greeks were the victims.

Under the above circumstances the parting of Xenophon from the army whose perils and vicissitudes of fortune he had shared for exactly two years

(from March 401 B.C. to March 399 B.C.) must have been on both sides cordial and pleasant. The ten thousand Greeks had been reduced by casualties and dispersion to six thousand; and of this force Thimbron, coming to Pergamus, took the command. The Cyreian contingent now lost its distinctive existence. It was merged in the army which, under Thimbron, and afterwards under the far abler Dercylidas who superseded him, carried on a successful campaign against the Persian satraps, and secured for a time the independence of the Greek cities in Asia Minor. Doubtless many of the old comrades of Xenophon returned, like himself, enriched to their homes. And doubtless many a Greek fireside during many a winter time was enlivened by tales of the Expedition of Cyrus and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks.

Xenophon's return to Athens must have taken place within a few weeks of the death of his master Socrates. He appears to have diligently collected particulars of the accusation, trial, and death of the sage, and to have added them to his former notes of the conversations of Socrates. But it appears probable that he did not bring out his 'Recollections' till a later period of his own life, when he had settled down to literary pursuits. Within three years he had again quitted his home, and was serving under the Lacedæmonian king Agesilaus in the still protracted war against the Persians in Asia Minor. But now a fresh shuffle of the political cards in Greece took place; for the Athenians, together with the Thebans and others, formed an alliance with the King of Persia; and thus

Xenophon, by continuing to hold command under Agesilaus, was in the position of bearing arms against his country. He accompanied Agesilaus in his invasion of northern Greece, and was present with him at the bloody battle of Coroneia (B.C. 394), where the Athenians and their Theban allies were vanquished. For this he was treated as the enemy of his country, and a decree of banishment was passed against him.

The Lacedæmonians, however, did not fail to provide him with a home. They allotted him a residence at Scillus,* a village about two miles from Olympia, where the great games were held every fifth year. This circumstance alone must have made the situation agreeable to a man like Xenophon. It was as if a yeoman of sporting tendencies were to receive a present of a farm at Epsom. And the Olympic games were something more than equal to the "Derby;" for they implied a periodical meeting (under terms of truce if it was war-time) of all the great wits and intellects, and all the leading characters, both literary and political, from the different states of Greece. There was excellent hunting in the neighbourhood of Scillus;—not fox-hunting on horseback, but hunting of the boar and the antelope on foot with spears, and of the hare with dogs and nets. In this congenial spot Xenophon settled down, probably in the forty-second year of his age, after his few years' campaigning, to a life of literature and field-sports. "He spent his time henceforth," says his biographer, "in hunting, and

* The description of his residence at Scillus is given by Xenophon himself (Anabasis, v. 3).

feasting his friends, and writing his histories." And ere long he had in Scillus a charming souvenir of his adventures with the Cyreian army. To explain this it must be mentioned that when the Greek army reached the Euxine in their retreat, they sold the prisoners whom they had taken in various skirmishes by the way, and divided the proceeds. The tenth part of the money realised was set apart to be dedicated to Apollo and to Diana of Ephesus, and each general was intrusted with a portion of this sum to take charge of. It seems probable that Xenophon was forced, by the exigencies of the subsequent march, to spend the portion which had been intrusted to him. But when he returned to Athens, enriched with the ransom of Asidates, he caused an offering to Apollo to be made, and to be inscribed with his own name and that of his friend Proxenus, and this he sent to Delphi. Afterwards, when serving with Agesilaus in Asia, he replaced the amount which was due to the goddess Diana, and handed it over for safe keeping to Megabyzus, the warden of her temple at Ephesus. He stipulated that if he should fall in the campaign, Megabyzus was to devote the money to an offering in the Ephesian temple, but otherwise to restore it to him.

When Xenophon had taken up his abode at Scillus, Megabyzus came over on one occasion to see the Olympic games, and he brought with him the deposit and restored it. Xenophon invested the money in lands to be devoted in permanence to the goddess. Not only had Diana signified her approval of the site

by omens in sacrifice, but also there appeared to be a peculiar appropriateness in the domain selected. In the first place, it was an excellent hunting-ground, and therefore suitable for the divine huntress; and also, by a strange coincidence, there was a stream running through it called Selinus, which was also the name of a stream running close to the temple of Diana at Ephesus. "In both rivers," adds Xenophon—speaking somewhat after the manner of Fluellen—"there are fish and cockles." Here he caused a temple and altar to be raised, and a statue of the goddess in cypress wood to be set up—exact copies, though on a reduced scale, of the world-famous temple and altar and golden statue at Ephesus. And he appointed an annual festival to be held, which was attended by men and women of the surrounding country, who pitched tents on the sacred ground, and were "supplied by the goddess herself with barley-meal, bread, wine, sweetmeats, and a share of the victims offered from the sacred pastures, and of those caught in hunting; for the sons of Xenophon and of the other inhabitants always made a hunt against the festival, and such of the men as wished hunted with them; and there were caught, partly on the sacred lands and partly on Mount Pholoe, boars and antelopes and deer."

The picture presented to us by Xenophon of his life at Scillus is quite idyllic, and thoroughly Greek. A certain phase of religion predominates over the whole, but it is the bright, picturesque, and easy religion common among the Aryan races, which is so different from Semitic earnestness, and which consists in doing,

under the name of divine authority, what men would have been most inclined to do without it. Hunting for the glory of Diana, cultivating his farm, writing his books, and living in social intercourse with all comers,—these elements made up the existence of Xenophon at Scillus, during the best years of his long life.

> "Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
> Beyond it"—

he lived in retirement from contemporary politics, and yet was always supplied with information as to their progress, of which he must have taken careful notes for his future history.

It is not quite certain whether he was permitted to end his days in this charming retreat. One account says, that after the defeat of his Lacedæmonian patrons at the battle of Leuctra, B.C. 371, he was forced to abandon it, and that he retired to Corinth. Another account declares that he was only subjected to a lawsuit, but that he retained his lands, and died at Scillus. However this may be, Athens became reconciled to Sparta, and the sentence of banishment against Xenophon was revoked. His two sons, Gryllus and Diodorus, fought amongst the Athenian knights in the cavalry action which formed the prelude to the battle of Mantinea, B.C. 362; in which battle Gryllus was slain, after manifesting distinguished bravery. Xenophon must have been about sixty-nine years old at this time. They say that he was performing a sacrifice, with a garland on his head, which he took off when the news

was brought to him that "his son had fallen," but when the messenger added "nobly," he replaced it; and he would not weep, for he said, "I knew that my son was mortal." This is the last anecdote which is recorded of Xenophon "the wise." But he appears to have lived long afterwards, and to have attained his ninetieth year.

Time has been very lenient with the works of Xenophon. We possess all the books ascribed to him by Diogenes Laertius. They are as follows:—'Hellenica,' 'Anabasis,'* 'Cyropædeia,' 'Recollections of Socrates,' 'Apology of Socrates,' 'Agesilaus,' 'The Constitution of Athens,' 'The Constitution of Sparta,' 'Hiero,' 'The Banquet,' 'On the Athenian Revenues,' 'On Domestic Economy,' 'Hipparchicus,' 'On Horsemanship,' 'On Hunting.' A glance at this list will show

* It is curious that in the 'Hellenica' (iii. 1, 2) Xenophon says that "the history of the expedition of Cyrus, and of the return of the Greeks in safety to the sea, has been written by Themistogenes the Syracusan." This passage has given rise to two theories to account for the statement it contains. One is, that Themistogenes, as well as Xenophon, had written an account of the expedition of Cyrus—that the inferior work was eclipsed and forgotten, but that Xenophon, through modesty, mentioned *that* account instead of his own. The other theory is suggested by Plutarch, namely, that Xenophon, having a double interest in the 'Anabasis,' as author and as actor in the military events described, preferred his reputation in the latter capacity to the fame which he might get as an author; and, therefore, to gain full credence for the somewhat self-glorifying history, attributed it to another hand. The second theory seems the more probable. At all events, the ancients unanimously regarded the 'Anabasis' as the work of Xenophon, and not even German criticism has thrown any doubt on this belief.

what a wide and varied field is covered by the writings of Xenophon, and what a rich mine they constitute of information relative to events, great men, ideas, arts, and manners in Greece at the end of the fifth and through the first half of the fourth century B.C. In our present *aperçu* of Xenophon, it will be impossible for us to attempt to give the contents of the 'Hellenica,' which is a contemporary record of affairs in Greece from the year 411 to the year 362, B.C. To do so would be to epitomise Greek history, which is not the object of this little book. Readers wishing to follow out that part of the subject, can best do so by consulting Mr Grote's great work (vols. ix. and x.), or they will find a summary and criticism (perhaps rather too severe) of the 'Hellenica' of Xenophon in Colonel Mure's 'Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece,' vol. v. p. 265-323. The remaining works in the above list all more or less come within our scope, as bringing this ancient Greek writer and his times directly before us. In the 'Anabasis,' which we have already epitomised, we have a narrative from personal observation comparable in some respects to the 'Commentaries' of Cæsar, or Mr Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea.' In the 'Cyropædeia' (or 'Education of Cyrus') we have the earliest specimen extant of a historical romance. In the 'Memorabilia' (or 'Recollections'), Xenophon plays the part of a Boswell, and gives us the actual conversations of his master Socrates. The 'Agesilaus' is the embodiment of the "hero-worship" of Xenophon for his admired patron the King of Sparta. The Constitutions of Athens

and Sparta are perhaps the oldest remaining specimens of the political tract or pamphlet. The 'Hiero' is a disquisition, in the form of dialogue, on the characteristics of despotic government. 'The Banquet' is a description, real or imaginary, of a "fast" supper-party at Athens, and of the conduct and discourse thereat of the wise and moral Socrates. 'The Revenues of Athens' contains some of Xenophon's ideas on finance and political economy. The 'Domestic Economy' treats, in two dialogues, of farm and household management. The 'Hipparchicus,' or 'Cavalry Officer's Manual,' contains suggestions by an experienced tactician for the improvement of the cavalry arm of the Athenian service. The 'Horsemanship' is a treatise on choosing, keeping, and sitting the horse. In the 'Hunting' Xenophon appears somewhat in the character of an Izaak Walton, and describes enthusiastically his favourite sport.

CHAPTER V.

THE 'RECOLLECTIONS OF SOCRATES.'

THE 'Memorabilia'—or, as the Greek name should rather have been translated, the 'Memoranda'—the 'Recollections,' or 'Notes from the Conversations,' of Socrates, ranks second by general repute among the works of Xenophon. But it is the interest of the name of Socrates, and the fact of its professing to be a genuine matter-of-fact record of what he said, that gives this book its importance. Xenophon had not in reality the qualifications of a Boswell. We have always a feeling, in reading the conversations which he records, that his notes could only have been accurate in a lower sense. The matter of the dialogue was given, or attempted to be given, but the delicacy of the form was lost. The words employed look like paraphrase reports of the substance of what Socrates said, or appeared to Xenophon to say, and they fail to bring the distinctive personality of the speaker before us. Plato, as most people are aware, wrote imaginary philosophical dialogues in which he constantly introduces Socrates. And it is to these imaginary and dramatic dialogues

that we must refer, to explain and complete the 'Recollections' of Xenophon. Those who know Plato can "read between the lines" of Xenophon, and see that much which the latter represents as bluntly said was in all probability accompanied by delicate intellectual turns, which the quick and impatient soldier's mind of Xenophon did not appreciate or think worth reproducing in detail. The ancients were agreed that nothing was more strikingly characteristic of Socrates than his "irony," which consisted in a sort of mock deference, always in good taste, to those whom he was going to instruct. Of the exact nature of this manner of his we should know nothing from Xenophon or any one else, were it not for the dramatic representation of it in Plato. Again, from Plato we learn to believe that Socrates was one of the finest "gentlemen" that ever lived; in the heat of argument not wounding the susceptibilities of any; answering insolence with superior repartee, but never triumphant or offensive; always entering into the feelings of others; and always conveying intellectual instruction under the forms of urbanity and good-breeding. The account of him in Xenophon is not inconsistent with this idea, but would never have fully suggested it. But the work of Xenophon has, after all, a certain value of its own. It gives a solid basis of facts, and prevents one from thinking that the Socrates of philosophy was a mere creation of the genius of Plato. We shall now take some of the most salient of those facts, and endeavour thus to put

before our readers one of the most strange and wonderful men that ever lived.

According to the descriptions both of Plato and of Xenophon, which are corroborated by antique gems, Socrates had a strong burly figure, prominent and crab-like eyes, a flat nose with broad open nostrils, a large and thick-lipped mouth, and a forehead indicative of great mental power. Everything about him conveyed the idea of force, character, and originality. His father had been a sculptor, and his mother a midwife. He was bred up to his father's profession, and followed it for a time with some success; and a statue which he executed of the Graces was preserved in the Acropolis of Athens. In time of war he served his country* as a heavy-armed soldier, and was in action, and distinguished himself, at the siege of Potidæa and at the battle of Delium. Xenophon omits to mention one peculiarity of Socrates which we learn from Plato—namely, his strange fits of protracted reverie, almost amounting to trance. But he is full of allusions to the Dæmon, or divine mentor, under whose guidance Socrates laid claim to act. The whole life of Socrates was represented by himself as being ordered under the direction of internal signs from the gods, which told him what to do and what not to do. He thoroughly

* The army system of Athens, like that of modern Prussia, required every citizen to be trained as a soldier, and to serve in time of need. The enrolment was between the ages of eighteen and fifty-eight. Socrates must have been about forty-six years old at the battle of Delium.

believed in the reality of these intimations, which perhaps all of us have at times, without recognising and obeying them. But Socrates by habit learnt more and more to recognise and obey. And thus his whole life took the form of a mission, which consisted in improving others, both in intellect and character, by his conversations.

Socrates was twice married, having first espoused Xanthippe, whose name has unfortunately become a byword in history for a shrew.* By her he had a

* Diogenes Laertius, Athenæus, and Plutarch, all state that Socrates was married twice. At the time of his death he had one grown-up son, Lamprocles, and two infants. The 'Memorabilia' mentions a conversation with Lamprocles, who complained of his mother's temper, while Socrates good-naturedly urged that it was of no consequence. But who was the mother of Lamprocles? Diogenes says that the two wives were Myrto (granddaughter of Aristides) and Xanthippe, but that it is doubtful which was the first wife. Evidently the first wife, the mother of Lamprocles, was the scold. Plato in the 'Phædo' definitely mentions Xanthippe as coming to the condemned cell of Socrates. This would make her the second wife. Equally definitely Xenophon, in the 'Banquet' (see below, p. 118), mentions Xanthippe as married to Socrates, and as famous for her bad temper, twenty years before. This would probably make her the first wife. Between these two authorities the issue must lie. On the whole, in a matter of the kind it seems more likely that Plato made a slip. Xanthippe's name was perhaps so familiar as being the wife of Socrates, that Plato forgot the second marriage with Myrto when introducing the wife in the death scene, at which he was not himself present. Poor Xanthippe's tongue had probably been "stopped with dust" ere that scene occurred. The attempts to "rehabilitate" her come to this, that Socrates could not have been a very comfortable husband.

son, and in all probability Xanthippe may have had many a word with him on the subject of his not going on with his profession, and making money to keep his family in comfort. But, by inheritance or otherwise, he had some very small means, and instead of increasing these to meet the desires of ordinary people, he determined to cut down his wants to what he had, and thus he voluntarily adopted a life of austere simplicity and poverty, entirely devoted to what he considered his spiritual calling. India of the present day throws light on many of the features of ancient Greek society, and in India such lives of renunciation and of contented poverty are not unfrequent. Often in the Indian bazaars may you see Socrates, or something like him, in the person of some stout Brahman, good-humouredly lounging about in loose robes and with bare legs, ready to discuss for hours, with all comers, any topic that may turn up, but for preference some point of Vedanta philosophy. The resemblance is doubtless an external one, yet still there is the same simple notion of life, contented with the barest necessaries, and cheered by the play of the intellect in talk.

But the talk of Socrates was not idle—it was always directed to a definite purpose. Every conversation was meant to produce a result, and to leave the person who had talked with Socrates in a better condition than before—either with truer views as to the conduct of life, or disabused of some fallacy, or stimulated to inquire about some point in a deeper way and after a sounder method. For such talk he laid himself out,

and made it his daily business. In the morning he regularly frequented the gymnasia and exercise-grounds; at noon, when the market was full, he was to be found there; for the rest of the day he went wherever the citizens of Athens happened most to be congregated. Socrates thus became "an institution," and a public character; and as such he was caricatured by Aristophanes in a comedy called 'The Clouds,' in which Socrates was represented, miserable and half-starved, keeping a "thinking shop," in which the most absurd speculations were ventilated. This public raillery probably did Socrates no harm, and was not the least resented by him.

But in the unremitting pursuance of his missionary career for the improvement of his fellow-citizens, Socrates made himself many enemies. There are always people who do not wish to be improved, especially after they have got to a certain age, and who resent the attempt to improve them as an impertinence. Again, with all the grace and good-breeding of the manner of Socrates, it was his invariable object to show people that they did not know so much about things as they themselves imagined. And this operation was applied in the most unsparing way to persons who were considered to be quite "authorities" on political and other questions. We can hardly wonder that such a species of practice should have raised up for the practitioner a plentiful crop of unpopularity. Public men found themselves assailed, before crowds of people, with vexing questions which they were unable to answer. They found their *prestige* impaired,

and their minds thrown for the first time into an attitude of self-mistrust. They must in many instances have hated the very sight of Socrates, but there was no escaping him, for he had nothing else to do but always to be in market and forum, and all public places, ready to annoy. The young entertained a different feeling about him. Socrates had a great love for the society of youth, especially of the clever and promising. They afforded him the most hopeful materials to work upon; their minds were plastic, their prejudices less inveterate, their ardour uncooled, and their curiosity undulled by time and custom. Socrates constantly drew around him a band of such young men, over whom, by his versatile originality and many-sided talk, he exercised a great fascination. These constituted the Socratic school, which, by following out the suggestions of their master into various directions, created or commenced all that was best and most valuable in ancient philosophy. Among these, the most eminent were Euclid (not the geometrician) of Megara; Antisthenes, founder of the Cynics; Aristippus of Cyrene; and the lovely-minded Plato. Xenophon, probably when about eighteen years old, became one of the disciples of Socrates, but the bent of his mind was entirely practical, and he contributed nothing to the development of philosophy, and wrote no philosophical book, properly so called. Many other youths of the Socratic following took afterwards to political life, for which the training they had received in reasoning and discussion formed a useful preparation. Some turned out badly enough, and it was

made a reproach to Socrates that Alcibiades, who betrayed his country, and Critias, who, as one of the Thirty Tyrants, became her cruel oppressor, had been among his pupils.

The very influence which Socrates exercised over young men became a cause of his being held in suspicion and dislike by the *pères de famille* of Athens. He was thought to fill the mind of youth with new-fangled ideas, and to teach boys to lose respect for their own fathers, substituting a preposterous independence of spirit for the obedience natural to their age. In the year 399 B.C., when Socrates had for at least thirty years pursued his mission, and when he was more than seventy years of age, the feeling of unpopularity which he had excited found its culmination, owing apparently to the circumstance that he had endeavoured to prevent the son of one Anytus, a rich tradesman and powerful demagogue, from following his father's trade as a leather-seller. The boy appears to have been full of promise, and Socrates wished him to choose a more intellectual career. Anytus, however, was incensed, and took counsel on the matter with others who bore a grudge against Socrates, and among them with Melêtus a poet, and Lycon a rhetorician. Poets and rhetoricians were both among the classes of people whose claims to knowledge of the truth Socrates had constantly impugned, and the two persons above named had probably each suffered under his public refutations. The result of their conference was, that one day there appeared, in regular form, posted up at the office of the King-Archon, one of the chief

civil magistrates at Athens, an indictment signed with the names of Melêtus, Anytus, and Lycon, in the following terms:—"Socrates is guilty of crime, first, in not believing in the gods that the city believes in; secondly, in introducing other new gods; thirdly, in corrupting the youth. The penalty due is—death."

The appearance of this indictment, and the appointment of a day for it to be tried, must have caused a great sensation at Athens. But Socrates himself remained apparently unconcerned, talking of all other subjects except his approaching trial; and one of his friends (who afterwards told the story to Xenophon) asked him if he had prepared his defence. To this he replied that his whole previous life had been a preparation, having been spent in studying what was right, and endeavouring to do it. He added that it *had* occurred to him to think what he should say before his judges, but that he had received the divine intimation to forbear. "Possibly the gods thought it better for him to die now than to continue to live, and no wonder, for hitherto he had lived most happily with a consciousness to himself of progressive moral improvement, and with the esteem and love of his friends. Were he to live on now, he might find his faculties impaired, and then the dignity and pleasure of his life would be gone. Were he to be put to death by his judges, he was confident that by posterity he would be regarded as one who had suffered wrongfully, but had done no wrong to others, having only endeavoured to make all men better."

Socrates was tried before a *dicastery*, or jury, con-

sisting of the large number of 557 Athenian citizens. Melêtus appears to have stated the case for the prosecution, and it was left to Socrates to defend himself. In a trial of the kind, and before such a tribunal, the issue was sure to turn on the *animus*, favourable or otherwise, created by the speeches of the different parties on the minds of the jurymen. They were doubtless all practised in the discharge of their function, which in litigious Athens every one was constantly called on to fulfil. On such occasions they were accustomed to be conciliated by those who pleaded before them, and they would expect as a matter of course to be conciliated by Socrates. But Socrates condescended to nothing of the kind. His 'Apology' or 'Defence' has been reported both by Xenophon and Plato. The latter, as usual, puts into the mouth of his master a speech in more beautiful style and in sublimer strain than that which he really uttered. Xenophon merely gives rough heads of the topics which, he had heard, were used. But the general purport of both accounts is the same. Socrates, without addressing himself to the task of persuading his judges and saving his own life, spoke, as Mr Grote* well says, "for posterity." Instead of submitting explanations of his own conduct, he treated it as something of which he could only speak with a just pride. He gave indeed a distinct denial to the charge that he had shown any want of orthodoxy toward the national religion, as he could call all to witness that he had always joined in the public sacrifices. But with regard to the second count

* History of Greece, vol. viii. p. 654.

—that he had introduced new gods—he denied that his belief in the divine signal was anything different in kind from the belief that other men had in omens and auguries. He asserted emphatically as a fact the divine communications which he had received, and said that his friends had often benefited by the predictions which he had been able to make to them. And this statement created an unfavourable impression on the jury, for some disbelieved him, and others were offended at his claim to a special inspiration.

Turning now to the third count, that he had corrupted young men, he gave a history of his mode of life, the turning-point of which had been that the oracle of Apollo at Delphi had pronounced him the wisest of men. This avowal caused a fresh expression of disapprobation from the jury; but, according to the account of Plato, Socrates softened the seeming arrogance of the boast, by adding that he himself had wondered why the god should have pronounced him wise, when he was conscious of knowing nothing. He had resolved to test the truth of the oracle by comparing himself with others. Hence he began to question those who had a high reputation, but their answers did not satisfy him. He tried men of all sorts, but invariably found that they had the show of knowledge without the reality. Thus he came to the conclusion that the god called him wisest, because, though knowing no more than other men, he alone was conscious to himself of his own ignorance. Henceforth he considered it his mission to lead other men to know themselves; and as to the youth whom he had gratuitously

instructed, so far from corrupting them, he had invariably drawn them on to modesty, manliness, and virtue. "Ay," interrupted Melêtus, "but I have known some whom you persuaded to obey you rather than their parents." "Yes," said Socrates, "about matters of education, for they knew I had specially studied this subject. About health people obey the physician, and not their parents; and in state affairs or war, you choose those who are skilled to be your leaders. Why then, in the most important thing of all, education, should not I be allowed to be an authority, if I am really such? or why should my claiming this be made a ground for thinking me worthy of death?"

From these specimens of the defence of Socrates, any one can see in what a lofty spirit of conscious rectitude it was conceived. On such of the jûry as had petty minds, perhaps already full of prejudice against the defendant, and looking at all events to see him humble himself before them, his independent words were sure to fall unfavourably; and yet there was sufficient generosity among the *dicasts* to make the majority against him a small one. As many as 276 of their number were for acquitting him, while 281 voted that he was guilty of the charges brought against him. Even at this point he might have been saved, for the sentence was not yet passed, and, according to Athenian custom, the condemned person had the privilege of proposing some punishment, in which he would acquiesce, milder than that proposed by the prosecutor. But, as we learn from Plato, Socrates would not even now show any submission to the majority who had condemned

him. He said, proudly, that "what he was conscious of having merited was, to be maintained at the public expense as a benefactor to the State; at the solicitation of his friends, however, he would name as a counter-penalty, instead of death, a fine of thirty minæ (£120), which his friends were ready to pay for him." This proposition, or the manner in which it was made, sealed the doom which he had apparently hardly desired to escape. The jury now, by a separate vote, of which we do not know the numbers, sentenced him to suffer death.

For the glowing details of the last days and conversations of Socrates, given truly to the idea if not to the actual fact, we must refer our readers to the 'Phædo' of Plato. Xenophon shortly summarises the matter, saying that "by universal acknowledgment no man ever endured death with greater glory than Socrates. He was obliged to live thirty days after his sentence, for the Delian festival happened to be going on at the time, and the law allowed no one to suffer capital punishment until the sacred deputation which was sent on these occasions to the Isle of Delos should have returned. During that time Socrates was seen by all his friends, living in no other way than at any preceding period, with the same cheerfulness and tranquillity for which he had always been remarkable. What death could have been more noble or more happy than this?"

In many respects the end of Socrates may indeed be regarded as a *euthanasia*. There was nothing like the shame of a public execution, or the horror of a

violent death, to be endured. In privacy, amid a circle of friends and admirers, the cup of hemlock was to be drunk which would painlessly extinguish the vital powers, and that too at a period of life when of themselves they might soon have ceased. Such were the mitigating external circumstances; while inwardly there was "the royal heart of innocence," the high enthusiasm which has enabled so many to meet with cheerfulness a martyr's death, and the philosophic reason which entirely triumphed over the animal instincts, which saw things as a whole, and which counted the loss a gain. When Apollodorus, one of his disciples, said, "I grieve most for this, Socrates, that I see you about to die undeservedly." He answered, stroking the head of his pupil with a smile, "My dearest Apollodorus, would you rather see me die deservedly?" When some of his friends suggested a plan for his escape, at which the Athenians would probably have connived, he said, "I am willing to fly if you can tell me of any country to fly to where death does not await me." Seeing Anytus pass by, he remarked, "This man is elated as if he had done something great and noble in causing my death, because, when I saw him occupying the highest offices in the state, I said that he ought not to bring up his son among the ox-hides. How foolish he is not to know that whichever of us has done what is best and noblest for all time, he is the superior." When his friends asked what he wished done with his body, he said, "You may do with it what you like, provided you do not imagine it to be me."

To modern ideas there may seem to be something wanting in this picture; we might have preferred to see the strong light relieved by shadow, by some touch of nature at the thought of parting from family and friends, by some human misgivings on the threshold of the unknown. But the ancients must be judged by their own standards. The Greek ideal was one of strength, and widely different from the later and deeper Christian ideal of strength made perfect in weakness. Socrates was the noblest of the Greeks, and in almost all respects his life is worthy to be made an example to all time.

Xenophon does not regard the death of his master (so dignified and happy) as in itself a subject of pity and regret. Nor does he even express any strong indignation against the authors of it; he merely expresses wonder that the Athenians could have found Socrates guilty of the charges brought against him. And the ostensible object of his 'Recollections' is to show by an array of facts that Socrates was neither unorthodox, nor impious, nor a corruptor of youth. Xenophon's book looks like an argument addressed to the Athenian people, and it is certainly quite popular and practical in its object and point of view. Hence, while recording the conversations of that philosopher whose conversations introduced a new form and method into philosophy, Xenophon seems to leave the form and method of what was said out of consideration, and to restrict himself to quoting the matter, in order to show that the thoughts were those of a morally good man. Such an undertaking in reference

to Socrates was poor and limited; it tells us about Socrates as a man, but obliges us to seek Socrates the philosopher in the imaginative pages of Plato. And the worst is that we are left in doubt—a doubt which can never be removed—how far, in representing the philosophical tenets of Socrates, Plato has attributed to him too much, and Xenophon too little. In bringing Xenophon's 'Memorabilia' to the knowledge of English readers, we must leave philosophical formulæ out of the question, and give shortly such of the recorded sayings as may seem most interesting.

Socrates, it appears, made a point of not departing from conformity with the usual religious ceremonies of his country. He also encouraged others in the use of divination, while he himself relied on the intimations of his dæmon or familiar spirit. He appears to have divided the affairs of life into two classes, one falling under the domain of art and science, about which men might be perfectly certain by the use of their own reason, and on which therefore it would be absurd to consult the gods. The other class consisted of things uncertain in their issue—as, for instance, whether it would be of advantage to make a particular marriage; and on such subjects he advised that the gods should be consulted by means of augury.

He disapproved, according to Xenophon, of the speculations, so common among philosophers, into the nature and origin of the universe. He thought that such inquiries could lead to no certainty, and produced no result. He considered "the proper study of mankind" to be "man." And he professed to limit him-

self to discoursing on human affairs, considering what was just, what unjust; what was sanity, what insanity; what was courage, what cowardice; what was a state; wherein consisted the character of the true statesman; how men were to be governed; and the like.

With regard to prayer, he made a point of not asking for definite things, not knowing whether they would be good for him. But he prayed the gods to give him what it would be best for him to have, which they alone could know. Owing to his poverty, his sacrifices were small; but he believed that, if offered in a pious spirit, they would be equally accepted by the gods. And he used to say that it was a good maxim, with regard to friends, and guests, and all the relations of life, "perform according to your ability."

When Athens was under the Thirty Tyrants, Critias, an old pupil of Socrates, was one of them. By cruel proscriptions they had put many of the citizens to death, on which Socrates compared them to "herdsmen who, being intrusted with cattle, reduced instead of augmenting the number of their herd." The remark was repeated to Critias, who, being stung by it, and also bearing a grudge against his former master for certain rebukes that he remembered, passed a law that "no one should teach the art of disputation," and sending for Socrates, he required his attention to it. Socrates, on hearing him, put on his usual humble demeanour, and asked to be informed the exact purport of the prohibition—"Was the art of reasoning considered to be an auxiliary to right or to wrong?" On this one of the Tyrants got angry, and said, "In order

to prevent all doubt, Socrates, we require you not to discourse with the young at all." Socrates, nothing daunted, asked to be informed more accurately what they meant by "the young." Up to what age was he to consider a man "young"? They said, "up to thirty." He then asked for a definition of "discourse." Might he not inquire the price of a thing, or any person's residence, from a man under thirty? "Yes," said Critias, "but you must now abstain from talking about those shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths that you used to have always in your mouth." "What!" said Socrates, "must I give up speaking of justice and piety and other subjects, to illustrate which I am in the habit of referring to those trades?" "Ay, by Jupiter! you must," said another of the Thirty; "and you must stop speaking of herdsmen too, else you may chance yourself to make the cattle fewer." This conversation shows the coolness of Socrates under the "reign of terror" at Athens.* It shows, too, his unpopularity, and how utterly alienated from him a former pupil had become.

Perhaps the most often quoted conversation of Socrates is that which he held with a young man named Aristodemus, who affected to despise religious observance. Having obtained from him the admission that he reverenced the genius of creative artists, Socrates asked him how he could avoid reverencing the intelligent design so copiously exhibited in the framework of man—in the adaptation of the organs to the different

* Xenophon tells us in another place that Socrates did not pay the slightest attention to the order of the Tyrants.

objects of sense—in the admirable defence provided by means of the eyelids and eyelashes for the eye—in the arrangement of the incisor and molar teeth—in the maternal instinct, and all the instincts of self-preservation which keep our species from destruction. He asked if all this, as well as all the orderly mechanism of the heavens, could be the work of chance? Aristodemus replied that he could not *see* any directors of the universe. To which Socrates retorted, "Why, you cannot see your own soul, the director of your body, and you might as well say that all your own actions are the result of chance." Aristodemus now shifted his ground, and said, "I do not ignore the divine power, but I think it too grand to need my worship." "The grander it is," said Socrates, "surely the more it should be honoured by you, if it condescends to take care of you." Aristodemus said that the difficulty with him was to believe that the gods took any thought for men. On which Socrates, to prove the divine Providence, pointed out the highly-favoured position occupied by man among the animals —the privileges of reason; the warnings sent to nations and individuals by omens and auguries; and the analogy between the mind ruling over and directing the body, and the universal intelligence which must be conceived as pervading all things and directing their movements. In fine, he recommended Aristodemus to make practical trial of the habit of worship, and of consulting the gods by divination.

Such was the natural theology of Socrates, as recorded by Xenophon. In it we find the argument

from final causes, just as it is used by Paley; and an analogical representation of God as bearing the same relation to the world which the individual soul does to the body. And the conclusion of the whole matter is made to be a recommendation to practical piety.

Xenophon says that "it is due to Socrates not to omit the conversation which he had with Antiphon," a Sophist or professional lecturer of the day. This man had taunted Socrates on his bare feet and scant clothing—the same in winter as in summer,—on his spare diet, and on the general wretchedness of his mode of life. "If Philosophy," he proceeded, "be your mistress, you get from her a worse maintenance than any slave would put up with from his master. It is all because you will not take money—money that cheers the recipient, and enables him to live in a more pleasant and gentlemanlike way. You really set your pupils a bad example in this; you are teaching them to live as miserably as yourself, and you are acting as if your instructions had no value, else why should you give them for nothing?" To this Socrates replied, that doubtless Antiphon would not relish his mode of life, but that for himself it had the charm of independence; that, as he was paid by no one, he owed no service to any; that his plain diet gave him as much pleasure as their luxuries gave to others; that he was, in bodily condition, always ready for anything; that above all he had the happy consciousness of always growing better himself, and of seeing friends about him who were constantly improved in their moral natures; that to want nothing was to be like

the gods, and that his aim was, in this point, to make some approach to the divine perfection. With regard to taking money for his instructions, he said that there were two things, either of which to sell was prostitution—namely, personal beauty and wisdom. "Those who sell their wisdom for money to any that will buy, men call 'Sophists,' or, as it were, a sort of male *demi-monde;* whereas whoso, by imparting knowledge to another whom he sees well qualified to learn, binds that other to himself as a friend, does what is befitting to a good citizen and a gentleman. Some men," continued Socrates, "have a fancy for a fine horse, or a dog, or a bird; what I fancy and take delight in is friends of a superior kind. If I know anything, I teach it to them; I send them to any one by whom I think they may be improved. In common with them, I turn over and explore the treasures of the wise men of old which have been left written in books, and if we find anything good we pick it out, and we think it a great gain if we can be beneficial to one another." This pleasing picture of the Socratic circle of friends may be taken as a set-off against what has been said above of the annoying character of the sage's public disputations. Xenophon tells us that when Socrates found any man really wishing to learn, he desisted from vexing him with difficulties, and did his best to assist his inquiries. We may note also the severe retort upon the taunts of Antiphon, in the way in which the Sophists are, as if incidentally, characterised.

Some of the conversations of Socrates, as they are related in the 'Memorabilia,' appear less calculated to

be successful in producing the impression they aimed at. With regard to some of these, it is impossible to help suspecting that they have been eked out by Xenophon, and spoilt in the process. A notable instance of this kind occurs in a long conversation between Socrates and his associate Aristippus, afterwards the famous leader of the school of pleasure. Socrates observing in this young man a too great tendency to self-indulgence, set himself to counteract this tendency, and he did so by establishing the incompatibility of a soft and self-indulgent life with the career of a statesman and the government of others. Aristippus replied that he had not the faintest desire to govern any. Socrates then asked, whether it was happiest to be governed or to govern? Aristippus said that he meant to avoid both the one and the other; and that, in order to prevent being placed in either position, he proposed to himself to be a cosmopolite, and to travel about from state to state. Now on this announcement of the views of Aristippus we can have no doubt that the Socrates of Plato would have made an effective attack, in some way or other, by wit and raillery—perhaps by drawing a ridiculous picture of the cosmopolite mode of life. But the Socrates of Xenophon does nothing of the kind. He maintains a rather pedantic earnestness, and lectures away on the superior happiness of higher aims. He quotes Hesiod and Epicharmus to prove that virtue and exertion are good things, and finally gives at full length the allegory of Prodicus, known as "the choice of Hercules." Hercules, when a young

man, met two females at a cross road—one called Vice, meretricious in dress and form; the other called Virtue, beautiful, dignified, and noble. Each made offers and promises to induce him to accompany her. These offers and promises were the descriptions, from a moral point of view, of a virtuous and vicious life respectively. Such was the sermon, borrowed from one of the Sophists, which Xenophon represents Socrates as having preached on this occasion. Nothing could have been less qualified to produce an impression on a man of the world like Aristippus. And we may be sure, if the real Socrates was at all like what Plato has led us to imagine him, that he never spoke exactly as here represented. Several dialogues, occupying the middle part of the 'Memorabilia,' are of the same "goody" character, and entirely devoid of the racy cleverness and biting wit which Socrates was in the habit of using. Colonel Mure indeed suspects that Xenophon has "made his master the mouthpiece for his own conceptions." At all events, if he has given us actual recollections or traditions of Socrates, he has served up many of them in such a way as to deprive them entirely of the Socratic flavour. There would be no interest in dwelling over such discourses as that in which the Xenophontic philosopher recommends two brothers to be good friends with each other; or those in which he dilates on the advantages and duties of friendship. Such matter as this is moral and well-intentioned enough, but it would not have required the "dæmon" of Socrates, or his own demon-like ability, to reveal it to the world.

Another set of anecdotes has a faintly superior interest, in which Socrates is represented as advising his friends in their practical difficulties. One of them is in straits because his lands have been occupied by the enemy, and he can get no revenue from them, while he has a large household of slaves to support. Socrates advises him to make the slaves weave clothes for sale; and the experiment is successful. A second friend is reduced to beggary by war, and Socrates recommends him to become some rich man's steward. A third has plenty of means at his disposal, but is troubled by the so-called *sycophants*, or informers, bringing vexatious suits in order to extort money from him. Socrates tells him to retain the services of a clever poor man, who acts as his solicitor, and defeats the sycophants with their own weapons. We speak of a faint interest attaching to these stories; and it consists merely in this, that they exhibit Socrates as constituting himself adviser-general to his friends in matters of all descriptions.

One group of dialogues in the 'Memorabilia' is concerned with political or military topics. Socrates is represented in these as giving advice to young aspirants for offices of command in the state or the army. In some of these we observe a suspicious affinity to certain favourite speculations of Xenophon's on the improvement of cavalry, and on measures to be taken for the revival of the Athenian power. In others we find vague platitudes inflicted on the listener, such as that "it is the duty of a general to render those under him happy." In one there is a

glaring piece of sophistry—so glaring, and so opposed to the ordinary doctrines of Socrates, that it is worth quotation. There is no rule which the sage is oftener represented as enforcing in all forms, than that no man should undertake to perform or superintend any business of which he has not competent special knowlege. This maxim was entirely of a piece with what we know from elsewhere of the Socratic doctrine, that virtue itself is knowledge, and life an art. Now, in the fourth chapter of the third book of the 'Memorabilia,' one Nicomachides is represented as coming disgusted from the election of office-bearers, and complaining to Socrates that the Athenians were capricious as ever—that after long military service, with credit, in all the lower grades of command, and after receiving many wounds in action, his claims had now been set aside, and another man, who had hardly seen any service, and who knew nothing except how to make money, had been chosen general. Socrates, however, did not give the least sympathy to the complainant. He took the opposite side, and declared that he who is a good man of business has capacities for managing anything, whether it be a family, a city, or an army. In vain did Nichomachides argue that when it came to fighting, the good man of business might find himself at a loss. "Not at all," said Socrates; "he will see exactly what is to be aimed at, and take the proper means accordingly." The paradox here is so great that we can hardly help believing that the conversation actually took place, though Xenophon is not subtle enough to point out, or perhaps to see, its bearing. On the one

hand, we observe Socrates giving way to the love of contradiction, which is apt to be engendered in those who are accustomed to be looked up to. It is like Dr Johnson "sitting upon" one of his admirers. Again, Nichomachides may have been a very stupid man, and really unfit for command, which would give a justification to the line taken against him. Still further, it may be said that it was part of the Socratic method, as revealed by Plato, though not by Xenophon, to see different sides to every truth. In one sense it is true that special experience is required for every department; but it is also true that general ability is available in whatever sphere it be applied.

Socrates was not always allowed to take the aggressive side in discussion. He was sometimes cross-questioned after his own fashion, and put upon his mettle. Aristippus, who had very little reverence in his composition, is reported to have attacked him with the inquiry, "whether he knew anything good?" in order that, if he mentioned anything usually considered good, such as health, strength, &c., Aristippus might refute him by proving that it was sometimes an evil. But Socrates parried the question, asking in return, "Good for what? Do you mean good for a fever?" "No," said Aristippus, "I do not." "Good for sore eyes?" "No." "Good for hunger?" "No, not that." "Well, then," said Socrates, "if you mean to ask me whether I know anything good which is not good for anything in particular, I neither know such, nor do I wish to know it." The tables are thus cleverly turned, and Socrates obtains a

dialectical victory by silencing his opponent. In doing so, he commits himself to the position that "good" is a relative idea, and that he has no conception of any absolute good. An antagonist worthy to encounter him would have followed him up into this position, and would have asked, "If goods are manifold and relative, how do you account for their common name?" And to this Socrates would have had to give an answer which would have revealed to us his exact opinion on the nature of universal terms.

Aristippus, however, relinquishing this point, took up another, and asked Socrates "if he knew anything beautiful?" He replied, "Yes, many things." On which it was asked "whether these were all alike?" and Socrates said, "On the contrary, very unlike." "Then how can they be all beautiful?" To this Socrates replied by giving a theory of the Beautiful, which identified it with the relative good, or, in other words, the Useful. "What!" said Aristippus, "can a dung-basket be beautiful?" "Of course it can," said Socrates; "and a golden shield can be very ugly, if the one be well fitted for its proper use, and the other not." Pursuing this theme, he applied his doctrine to beauty in architecture, asserting that it simply consisted in the adaptation of buildings to the use for which they were intended. Thus he said that paintings and frescoes on the walls of houses often detracted from the comfort, and therefore from the beauty, of those houses, by necessitating the building of the walls in a particular way, by which the sun was too much excluded. We have here the first statement,

crudely made, of that relative theory of beauty which was adopted in modern times by Alison, Jeffrey, and others. We cannot tell how far it embodied the real opinion of Socrates, because when great men discuss things with their pupils, we cannot be sure how far they open their whole mind. And we know it to have been the object of Socrates rather to awaken inquiry than to give results. That his hints took root and germinated in the minds of others, we may see abundantly from the luxuriant and varied thought of Plato.

Other theories of Socrates given in the 'Memorabilia' might seem to require qualification. As, for instance, that Temperance and all the other virtues are identical with Wisdom. This ignores all distinction between the intellect and the will of man, and is opposed to acknowledged facts. In arguing with Hippias, who, like Aristippus, tried to confute him with questions, Socrates laid it down that Justice consists in obeying the laws. This position, by itself, would hardly be maintained, for it would amount to what in modern times has been called "Hobbism," which makes the legislator a creator of right and wrong. But Socrates modifies the theory by saying that in addition to the laws of the state there are "unwritten laws" which are in force among all mankind, or which, if not recognised, bring their own punishment. As an instance he mentions the rule that parents must not marry their children, for which he gives the apparently insufficient sanction that such marriages would imply a too great disparity of age. Another instance of an

unwritten law here given is, that "men must do good to those who have done good to them." In the doctrine that justice consists in obeying the laws, Socrates doubtless had an important meaning in view—namely, he wished to protest against the too great individualism of his times, and to assert that the first duty of man is to consider himself as a social being, bound up with his fellow-men in a great organism, of which the laws of his country are the expression. But to follow out such questions, and to attempt to fix more definitely the position of Socrates in the history of philosophy, would be beyond the scope of this chapter, and indeed it would be undertaking more than the whole 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon would furnish data for.

We have already given the chief features of that book. It is not necessary to go minutely into the conversations of Socrates with Parrhasius the painter, and Clito the sculptor. The teacher seems to have been a little carried away by the lust of giving advice, when he lectured these artists on choosing beautiful subjects, and on making their figures express the emotions of the mind. In talking with a corslet-maker, he appears to have aimed at getting a logical definition of what was meant by a corslet "fitting well." The story of his visit to Theodota, a beautiful courtesan, is perhaps best told of all the tales in the 'Memorabilia,' and if we make certain allowances for the manners and ideas of the age, it gives most idea of the Socratic grace and versatile politeness. Socrates evidently tried to draw on this lady, in the course of talk, to some degree of moral elevation, but she did not understand

him, so he gradually and gracefully backed out of the interview. Socrates was of far too catholic a spirit to consider any class or phase of society excluded from the scope of his mission. But he was not a man to throw pearls before swine; he adapted himself to the atmosphere in which he found himself, but always endeavoured indirectly to purify and improve it, and if much could not be done in this way, to do a little.

A somewhat fuller picture of Socrates discharging this last-named function is given by Xenophon in the 'Banquet,' an imaginary dialogue,* which represents the philosopher at a gay Athenian supper-party. The incidents related are as follows:—A beautiful youth, named Autolycus, had gained the victory in the pancratium, or contest of wrestling and boxing at the public games. Callias, a wealthy Athenian, a friend of the boy's father, and having a great regard for him-

* We call this dialogue imaginary, from internal evidence. The event which was supposed to have given rise to the supper took place B.C. 420. Antisthenes would have been a very young man in 420, but he is represented in the dialogue as a man of mature opinions and decided cynical mode of life. Socrates, also, is described as quite an old man. Thus chronology is confused. The introduction, which is abrupt, speaks of "occurrences at which I was present." But Xenophon, when intending to mention himself, always does so in the third person—"Xenophon did this or that." He would have been about 11 years old in 420 B.C. On the whole, the 'Banquet' must be taken as a fancy sketch, based on something which really occurred. It was perhaps the first attempt at a dramatic picture, with Socrates for chief figure, and may have suggested to Plato the form of his inimitable dialogues, to which, though clever in its way, it is far inferior.

self, gave a supper in his honour. Meeting Socrates and some of his followers, he invited them to come, saying that "his party would be much more brilliant if the rooms were graced with the presence of men of culture and refinement, instead of being filled with generals and cavalry officers, and political place-hunters."

When they were seated, the dazzling beauty of Autolycus became a "cynosure" to the eyes of all the guests. They were like men impressed by a superior presence. They gazed on him in a sort of awe, and proceeded with their supper in silence. This mood was interrupted by a knocking at the door, and Philippus, a professional buffoon, requested entrance. He was told to join the feast, and attempted some jokes, which at first met with no response, till his comic expressions of grief at finding that "laughter had gone out of fashion, and that his occupation was gone," set some of the guests a-laughing.

Presently a "nautch" was introduced. A man of Syracuse brought in a girl who played on the flute, and a boy and girl who danced. After having some music, the host suggested that perfumes should be handed round. Socrates opposed this, saying that "the only odour which a man ought to relish was the smell of the oil used in the gymnasia." To which the father of Autolycus said, "That's all very well for young men, Socrates, but what are old fellows, like you and me, who no longer frequent the gymnasia, to scent ourselves with?" "With the odours of honour and virtue," said Socrates. Whereon it was asked "where such odours could be procured?" And an incipient

discussion arose, which was presently dropped, "whether virtue could be learned from others?"

They then witnessed some feats of the dancing-girl, who threw up and caught twelve hoops to the sound of music, and afterwards threw somersaults through a hoop stuck round with swords. This wonderful exhibition caused Socrates to remark, that "the talent of women is not at all inferior to that of men, though they are weaker in bodily strength. So that any one who had a wife might confidently instruct her in whatever he wished her to know." This observation caused Antisthenes to put it to Socrates, "Why, if he thought so, did he not educate Xanthippe,* instead of leaving her the most notoriously ill-conditioned wife in existence?" To which Socrates replied, that "as those who wish to excel in riding often choose restive horses, because if they can ride these they will easily manage any others; so he, wishing to converse and associate with mankind, had chosen to have a wife of this kind, knowing that if he could bear her society, he would be able to get on with any one else in the world."

Then the boy danced, and was admired by all; and Socrates excited much amusement by telling the Syracusan that he should like to learn dancing from him. When the company laughed, he gravely informed them that "he was sure the exercise would do him a great deal of good; it called out all the powers of the body, and might be conveniently practised in private, which would just suit him."

Philippus, the jester, now gave a comic parody of

* See above, page 90, note.

the boy's dancing, and when exhausted with his exertions, called for some wine, which Callias commanded to be handed round; and Socrates gave his theory of the way in which they ought to drink—"not in huge quantities at once, which would be like a deluge of rain beating down the plants, but in small cups repeated frequently, which like gentle dew would refresh their spirits." And this mode of potation was made the order of the night.

There was more music; but Socrates urged that they ought not to be entirely dependent for their amusement on these children, but should by conversation entertain each other. The question now arose, "What each of the party most prided himself on?"

Callias prided himself on making others better.

Niceratus, on knowing all Homer by heart.

Critobulus, on his beauty.

Antisthenes, on his wealth.

Charmides, on his poverty.

Socrates, on his powers as a go-between.

Lycon, on his son Autolycus.

Autolycus, on his father Lycon.

Hermogenes, on the merit and power of his friends.

Then they had to justify their boasts, and it turned out that Callias was proud of making others better, because he did so by giving them money, so as to render them less necessitous, and less tempted to do wrong. Niceratus was proud of his knowledge of Homer, as being an encyclopædia of wisdom. For present purposes he wished to apply his knowledge

by asking for an onion, which Homer said was the proper accompaniment of drink. Critobulus prided himself on his beauty, on account of the influence it had over others. Charmides, on his poverty, for he had not half the trouble since he had lost his estates. Antisthenes, on his wealth, for it consisted in having little, but wanting less. Hermogenes, on his friends, because these were the gods who took such care of him, as to intimate by dreams and auguries what he ought to do and what avoid. Socrates, on his skill as a go-between, which consisted in making people acceptable to others, and on a larger scale pleasing to the State. And this he effected by improving their minds. All these different claims and assertions led to various repartees. And, amongst other things, Socrates disputed the pre-eminence in point of beauty with Critobulus. The beauty of anything consisting in its adaptability to its proper function, Socrates argued that his own prominent eyes, which could look to the sides, must be handsomer than those of Critobulus. His broad nostrils, more adapted for smelling, must be handsomer than a delicate nose. His huge mouth, which could contain large morsels, must bear off the palm. A ballot-box was handed round among the guests to decide this rivalry, but every vote, as might be expected, was given in favour of Critobulus.

In the mean time the Syracusan became irritated that the attention of the company had been drawn off from his *troupe*, and he began to attack Socrates with some quotations from the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes, calling him "the Thinker," and asking him, "How

many fleas'* feet distant he was?" which some of the others were for resenting as an insult. But Socrates good-humouredly passed the matter over with some light badinage. He turned the subject by himself favouring the company with a song; after which the dancing girl performed some feats on a potter's wheel. On which Socrates made a remark something like Dr Johnson's—"Very wonderful—would it were impossible!" And he added, that after all, "almost everything was wonderful, if people did but consider it. For instance, why did the wick of the lamp give light, and not the brass? Why did oil increase flame, and water put it out? In order, however, not again to disturb hilarity by too much grave conversation, he would suggest that the dancers, instead of contorting their bodies, should perform something graceful and beautiful, like the pictures of the Graces, the Hours, and the Nymphs."

The exhibitor, pleased with this suggestion, went out to prepare; and Socrates, having the coast clear for a while, gave a discourse on love, distinguishing the heavenly from the earthly Venus, the latter inspiring mankind with love for the body, the former with the love of the soul and of noble actions. This distinction

* One of the absurdities attributed to Socrates in the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes (v. 145-199) is, that he undertook to demonstrate how many of its own feet a flea had leapt, in jumping from the eyebrow of a disciple on to his own head. He is represented as having solved the problem by catching the flea and plunging one of its feet into melted wax, by which means he got a measure of the feet, and then was able to divide the total distance by the size obtained!

was copiously illustrated with instances, and the discourse ended with an address to Autolycus, exhorting him to nobility of life, and to prepare himself for serving his country. When it was concluded, the actors entered, and performed a ballet, representing the loves of Bacchus and Ariadne. The guests now retired to their homes; but Autolycus, who was in training, set out to take a walk, in which he was accompanied by the host, his father, and Socrates.

And here we must take leave of the great Athenian sage, on whom, though he left no writing of his own, so many volumes have been and will be written. In another imaginary dialogue, that on "Household Economy," Xenophon introduces him, but only to make him a mouthpiece, so we may be content to treat that work merely with reference to the matter of its contents. Xenophon's representation of his master is considered to be inadequate; and yet we shall have failed to do justice even to that representation, if we have not led our readers to conceive of Socrates as of a very remarkable, wise, and lovable being.

CHAPTER VI.

THE 'EDUCATION OF CYRUS.'

THE 'Cyropædeia,' or 'Education of Cyrus,' is, like the 'Anabasis,'* misnamed. For only the first few chapters are about the education, properly so called, of the Persian monarch. The remainder of the work, extending to eight books, and being nearly the largest of the writings of Xenophon, treats of the successful exploits of Cyrus as a general, and a military and civil organiser, under his uncle Cyaxares, till he finally receives from the latter the hand of his daughter in marriage, and is placed on the throne of Media. The work closes with an account of the distribution into satrapies of the countries conquered by Cyrus; and of the sage advice which he gave, when his death drew nigh, to his sons and his chief officers of state—advice, says Xenophon, which was but too much neglected by his successors, who forgot his maxims, and by their misrule suffered the excellent institutions of Cyrus to fall into abeyance, and the national character of the Persians to decay.

* See page 10.

And yet the name conveys generally the main purpose which Xenophon apparently had in view when writing this work. He wished, not to write history, but to compose a historical romance, in which should be depicted a perfect governor of men. And the perfection of the generalship, administration, and monarchical rule of Cyrus, was meant to be attributed in the first instance to the excellent education* which he had received in youth. All is of a piece with this conception. The hero of the book is possessed of Utopian excellence. His virtues are unalloyed by any vice, and his successes by a single reverse. Evidently, then, we have before us one of those novels with a purpose which have been common enough in modern times, and which are generally considered to be rather poor works of art. Xenophon's is the first elaborate production of the kind which remains to us from antiquity, though probably the allegorical sermons of the Sophists (see above, p. 109) were in the same direction.

In giving any account (and much will not be required) of the 'Education of Cyrus,' we must remind the reader that this is not the same Cyrus as he whom Xenophon knew personally, and under whom he marched from Sardis to Cunaxa. The Cyrus of the

* Some modern translators have tried to find a name which should apply to the whole contents of the book, by calling it 'The Institution of Cyrus,'—the word "institution" being in obsolete English capable of being taken for "education," and also being applicable to the "form of government" described as being introduced by Cyrus. But the word *pædeia* in Cyropædeia has no such double application.

'Anabasis' (see above, p. 11) was a mere pretender to the Persian throne, and died B.C. 400. The Cyrus of the 'Cyropædeia' was the Great Cyrus, who founded the Persian Empire, and died about 525 B.C. Of this great conqueror's history there are three accounts remaining: the first is that of Herodotus, the father of history; the second is that of Ctesias, a Greek physician, who was employed at the court of Persia, and wrote a history of the country; the third is that given by Xenophon, and of all the three the last mentioned is generally considered as the least to be depended on. The curious thing is that Xenophon, writing what he meant to be a historical romance, has made it infinitely tamer than the account of Cyrus given by Herodotus, who aimed at merely setting down the historical facts as they had been told him. The Cyrus of Herodotus is sent out, when newly born, by his grandfather to be murdered; he is saved by interposition of Providence, brought up as the child of a herdsman, and subsequently recognised; he revolts against his grandfather, overthrows the Median kingdom, founds the Persian Empire, and finally is slain in a great battle against Tomyris, queen of the Massagetæ. The Cyrus of Xenophon is brought up in all decorum as befitted the grandson and nephew of a king; he is duly appointed to high offices in the state, obtains many easy victories, and inaugurates many state improvements; he succeeds peacefully to the throne of his uncle, and on a quiet death-bed gives lectures to his admiring friends upon the arts of government and the immortality of the soul. This was a case, then, in which truth was

stranger than fiction; for the purpose of Herodotus was truth, whereas the purpose of Xenophon was fiction of a particular kind — not the fiction which grasps the poetry of human life, but the dry fiction which treats all incidents as a mere framework on which ethical or political moralisings may be hung.

It may be supposed, however, that Xenophon, who under the younger Cyrus had penetrated into the heart of the Persian territory, must have had great opportunities of studying Persian customs, and that his book would be found to contain valuable information with regard to those customs, and to the Oriental character viewed on its best side. But in this expectation the reader is disappointed, for here again we find that it was Xenophon's object to set forth, not facts, but his own conceptions of what ought to be. Throwing the scene of his Utopia into the far East, and the time of his narrative one hundred and fifty years back, he appears to have thought himself emancipated from restrictions of truth, or even probability, and accordingly he transfers to ancient Persia all that he most admired in the Lacedæmonian institutions of his own time. Even the distinctive and remarkable characteristics of the Persian religion are blurred over and confused by his constantly attributing to his hero the performance of sacrifices according to the Grecian mode, and the practice of the art of divination, of which he was personally so fond.

Taking the 'Cyropædeia' as we find it—not as a history, nor as a true picture of national life and manners, nor yet as a romance of the higher kind, like

one of Walter Scott's novels, but as a fiction composed with the object of setting forth views on education and politics—we must allow it certain merits. The purity and elegance of its style are universally acknowledged. And it possesses, as Colonel Mure says, an epic unity of action, within which numerous episodes are artistically introduced, some of them quite idyllic in character. It will be sufficient for our purpose to introduce to the reader a few specimens of these, as there would be little use or pleasure in dwelling on the details of the pseudo-historical campaigns of Cyrus.

Xenophon commences by saying that, on reflecting how constantly governments of all kinds are overthrown, he had come to the conclusion that mankind are far harder to govern than cattle or horses, which are easily brought into obedience. One man, however, had possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the faculty of ruling over his fellow-men, and that was Cyrus the Persian. How Cyrus should have been able to conquer and hold in subjection so large a portion of the world, seemed to him a problem worth investigation. He had made all the inquiries he could about the natural qualities and education which had produced so remarkable a ruler, and would now proceed to state them, as follows:—

Both the historians and the poets of Persia agree in describing Cyrus as beautiful in person, humane in disposition, and so keen in the pursuit both of knowledge and of glory as to endure all labours and encounter all dangers for their sake. The education which he

received was in accordance with the system of public instruction of his country. For Persia, unlike other countries (this is meant as a hit at Athens, and at the same time as a compliment to Sparta), did not content herself with legislating against crime; she moulded the minds of her citizens from childhood, by a public educational system, to virtue. This system, according to Xenophon, extended only to the higher classes of society. Unlike our Committee of the Privy Council, the Persian educational department appears to have begun from the top. Only those were admitted to the privileges of the state education who were above the necessity of manual labour.

The headquarters of public instruction in Persia are described as being in the metropolis, in a grand square, where the king's palace and the public offices stood, and from which all merchandise and trades, with their "noise and vulgarity," were banished. The square was divided into four parts, which were severally assigned to the boys, youths, men, and elders. The first three classes attended regularly from early morning. The elders appear to have joined the place of instruction at such times as suited them, chiefly to furnish an example to their juniors, but, when on the spot, to have been under discipline like the rest. The youths, till married, slept round the public offices, in light armour, as guards. Each of the four classes was under the control of presidents. In the boys' quarter the time appears chiefly to have been occupied in trying, under the president, all cases of crime and misdemeanour which had arisen among the boys them-

selves. Theft, deceit, calumny, and ingratitude were thus brought to punishment. And it was commonly said that the Persian boys went to school to learn justice, as elsewhere boys go to school to learn to read. To this arrangement the trifling objection might be made, that it seems to imply a very abundant and continuous crop of naughtiness among the boys themselves, else the trials would have come to an end, and the study of "justice" would have been stopped. Xenophon, however, makes no remark on this point, nor does he mention any other subjects of study as entering into the *curriculum* of this model university. Indeed, the education given seems very much to have been based on those "Aryan principles" of instruction of which we have heard of late, and according to which book-learning will always be at a discount. A Spartan system of diet appears to have been prescribed for the boys, consisting of bread and cresses, with water to drink. The boys learned shooting with the bow, and throwing the javelin; and at the age of seventeen they passed into the class of youths.

From seventeen to twenty-seven the chief means of cultivation for the youths appear to have consisted in patrol-duty and hunting. On the advantages of hunting as a preparation and training for war, the Persians, according to Xenophon, laid great stress, and the youths were constantly engaged in formal hunting-parties under the king. They bivouacked in the open fields, and were restricted to the most ascetic fare; and as a result of this system Xenophon mentions that every Persian avoids, as a piece of bad manners,

either spitting or blowing his nose—"a rule which it would be impossible to observe, except by men who had practised great moderation in diet and exhausted the moisture of their bodies by exercise."

Under this mode of instruction, which Xenophon does not further describe, Cyrus was brought up till twelve years old. He was then taken to see his grandfather, Astyages, king of the Medes. By his lively prattle he pleased Astyages, and was invited to remain for some time at his court. Cyrus begged his mother to let him stay, because, he said, "he knew how to shoot well enough already, and by stopping amongst the Medes he should have a better opportunity than at home of learning to ride." His mother's objection was that he would forget all about "justice." But Cyrus said that he quite understood justice, and did not require to learn it any more. "How so?" said Mandane. "Why," said Cyrus, "I have often been appointed to decide cases, and I only made one mistake. That was in the case of the boys and the coats. There was a big boy who had a little coat, quite too small for him. And there was a little boy with a large coat, very loose upon him. So the big boy made the little boy exchange coats with him, and I decided that he was right in doing so, and that each boy should keep the coat that best fitted him. But the master beat me for giving this decision, for he said that it was against the law to force a person to give up his property, and that justice consisted in obeying the law. So, now I know what justice is." This story—which has probably been made familiar

to most of our readers by that most delightful book for childhood, 'Sandford and Merton'—shows the sort of materials from which Xenophon constructed his work; for it evidently conveys in a lively form one of the favourite doctrines of Socrates (see above, page 114). A combination of the teachings of Socrates with the institutions of Sparta is what Xenophon wishes to recommend under the shallow disguise of Persian names and the picture of a foreign court.

The educational institutions of Sparta, by themselves, Xenophon would probably not have deemed adequate, as not being sufficiently awakening to the intellect. One of the most interesting indications on the subject of education which he gives is contained in a charming description of the boy Cyrus, of whom he says: "He was, perhaps, a little over-talkative, but this was partly from education; because *he was obliged by his master to give a reason for what he did*, and to require reasons from others, when he had to give his opinion in judgment; and partly, because, being very eager for knowledge, he was always putting questions to those about him on many subjects, to ascertain how such and such things were; and from being of a quick apprehension, he gave very ready answers to all questions that were asked him;—so that from all these circumstances he acquired a habit of loquacity." The method of instruction here indicated, in this *Émile* of the fourth century before Christ, is well worth attention. It implies that the one thing to be aimed at in educating boys is, to arouse their intelligence into activity. This forms a great contrast

to the spirit of modern education, which aims rather at imparting results and foregone conclusions, and which many people are now beginning to complain of, as fostering servility of mind and want of self-reliance. Cyrus, according to the account of Xenophon, stayed four or five years at the court of his grandfather, during which time he was not at all spoilt by the indulgence which all showed him, and the luxury which he saw around him. He developed in manly qualities, became a bold and passionate rider, hunted the animals in the royal park (or "paradise"), and then took to more real and dangerous sport in riding after the boar and other animals in their native wilds. On one occasion the Assyrians made a raid over the Median borders, and Astyages took out troops to intercept them. The youthful Cyrus, about fifteen years old, went with him in a new suit of armour, and at an opportune moment advised that a dash should be made at the enemy. The charge was made, the boy joined, and gradually headed it. "As a generous dog," says Xenophon, "that has no experience, hurries headlong without caution upon a boar, so Cyrus pressed forward, minding only to strike whomsoever he overtook, and heedless of anything else." The enemy gave way, and the Median cavalry had complete success. Cyrus was almost mad with excitement; and while the rest were retiring, he did nothing but ride round by himself, and gaze upon those who had fallen in the action.

Such was his first essay in arms. He was shortly afterwards recalled by his father, in order that he

might complete his education. On returning to Persia, he continued another year in the class of the boys. He lived cheerfully on the same rigorous fare as the rest, and surpassed them all in exercises and in diligence of attention. With the exception of some advice from his father, which has very much the appearance of some of the conversations of Socrates, we hear no more, after this, of the "education of Cyrus." He had now reached man's estate, and on a war between Media and Assyria breaking out, he was appointed to command the Persian force of some forty thousand men which was sent to assist the Medes. He immediately made a long speech, in the style of the Xenophontic orations in the 'Anabasis,' to his chosen body-guard. After this follows an account of improvements effected by Cyrus in the army—a topic which gave Xenophon a good opportunity for developing many of his favourite theories on military organisation. Ambassadors arrived from "the king of India" to learn the particulars of the quarrel between Media and Assyria, and Cyrus sagaciously conciliated them by proposing that the king of India should be made arbitrator in the question.

The chief of Armenia, a country subject to the Medes, showed signs of revolt at this juncture, and Cyrus took his army for the purpose of reducing him to obedience. Having adroitly surrounded the Armenian chief, and made him prisoner, he proceeded to try him solemnly on the charge of treason. Xenophon uses this opportunity to introduce a conversational debate, after his own heart. Tigranes, son of the

Armenian, had resided in Persia, and had often been one of the hunting companions of Cyrus. Cyrus recollected that he had noticed this young man associating with a philosopher,* who went about with him and instructed him. He now came forward and requested to be heard in his father's defence. Being readily allowed by Cyrus to speak, he pleaded, not that his father had been innocent, but that by captivity and fear he had been reformed, and that it would be infinitely better policy in Cyrus to accept him as a humbled and grateful dependant, instead of putting him to death. The arguments of Tigranes, backed by his own generous impulses, prevailed with Cyrus, and in the handsomest terms, mixed with some *badinage*, he spared the life of the Armenian chief, only taking from him a moderate fine. He then turned to Tigranes and asked what had become of his friend the philosopher. "He is no more," said Tigranes, "for my father here put him to death." "What crime," asked Cyrus, "did he find him committing?" "He said that he corrupted me," answered Tigranes; "and yet, Cyrus, so noble and excellent a man he was, that, when he was going to die, he sent for me and told me not to bear my father the least ill-will for putting him to death, because he was doing it not out of malice, but out of ignorance, and whatever faults men commit through ignorance ought to be considered involuntary." "Alas, poor man!" said Cyrus. On this the Armenian chief interposed, and said, "It was jealousy, Cyrus;

* The word used by Xenophon is "sophist," which means a professional teacher of philosophy and rhetoric.

I could not help hating that man, because I thought he stole my son's heart away from me. My son admired him more than he did myself." "Well," said Cyrus, "that was a natural weakness of yours, and your son must now forgive you." The introduction of this incident, in obvious allusion to the treatment of Socrates by the "fathers" of Athens, is very characteristic of the manner of the 'Cyropædeia.'

Perhaps the most famous episode which the book contains is the tale of Abradâtes and Panthea. In one of Cyrus's battles with the Assyrians, the enemy's camp was stormed, and a great prize, both in spoil and prisoners, was taken. Among the captives was Panthea, a lady of Susa, the wife of Abradâtes, an Assyrian prince, who was himself absent, having been sent on a mission to Bactria. The Median officers, in disposing of the booty, set aside this lady as a complimentary offering to Cyrus. He, learning what had been arranged, requested Araspes, for whom he had had a sort of friendship from boyhood, to take charge of the lady. Araspes, on receiving the order, asked, "But have you seen the person whom you wish me to take charge of?" Cyrus replied that he had not. On which the other said, "*I* have seen her, though, and she is simply the most beautiful creature that was ever born of mortals throughout the whole of Asia. Even when she was sitting on the ground, covered with a veil, there was something about her that distinguished her from the other women. But when she stood up, still veiled and weeping, she was not only divinely tall, but had an indescribable grace and tragic

nobleness in her attitude. To comfort her, we told her that no doubt her husband was an excellent gentleman, but that she would now belong to one who in every respect was at least his equal, for that if there was a man in the world that deserved admiration, it was Cyrus. On hearing this, she rent her veil and uttered a lamentable cry, and her women cried out with her. And we saw the greater part of her face and her hands. There never was such a woman. You must go and see her yourself."

"By heavens! I shall do nothing of the kind, if she is such as you describe," said Cyrus. "Why not?" asked the young man. "Why, because if I were now to yield to your description, and go and see her, overwhelmed as I am with business, I daresay the sight of her might make me wish to go again, and thus I might perhaps neglect what I have to do, in order to sit gazing at her." At this Araspes laughed, and asked Cyrus "if he thought that the beauty of any human being could put a constraint on another, so as to force him to act differently from what he judged best? Love," he argued, "is an affair of the will; else, why does not a brother fall in love with his sister, or a father with his daughter?" But Cyrus said, "If love be voluntary, why cannot a person cease loving when he wishes to do so? I have seen people," he added, "weeping from love—made regular slaves—giving away all they had, wanting to get rid of their love, and yet held as if by an iron chain—victims of a complete fascination." "They must be poor creatures," said Araspes; "any man who is worth anything can

look at a beautiful woman without its making any difference to him. At least, I am sure I feel this about our beautiful captive." "Have a care," said Cyrus, "and above all things guard this lady well, for she may be of great political importance to us some day or other."

So ended the conversation, and the confident boastings of Araspes; who, partly from seeing the beauty of his prisoner, and partly from her worth and goodness, and partly from waiting on her and finding her not ungrateful, and partly from her attentions to him when he was ill—from all these causes combined, succumbed to the fate which he had derided, and became hopelessly in love with Panthea. Which, as Xenophon remarks, was not a very wonderful occurrence after all. When, however, Araspes at last ventured to intimate to her the change in his feelings which had come about, and the great passion by which he was now possessed, Panthea would not listen to him for a moment. She protested her unswerving love and constancy to her absent husband; and when Araspes in despair uttered cruel threats, she sent a private messenger to Cyrus to acquaint him with what had happened. Cyrus, on hearing it, burst out laughing at the man who had said that he was above the power of love. He sent Artabazus, a confidential officer, to enjoin Araspes most strictly to do no violence to the lady, but at the same time to say that he had *carte blanche* to make as much impression on her as, by fair means, he could. Artabazus, however, appears not to have given this exact message. He rated

Araspes soundly for his unfaithfulness to a sacred trust, and for his weakness, impiety, and wickedness; so that Araspes was overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and half-dead with fear of some great punishment at the hands of Cyrus. Cyrus, hearing of his distress, sent for him alone; bid him be reassured; told him that he might easily be forgiven, since both gods and men yielded to the power of love; and finally took the blame to himself, as having shut him up with such an irresistible creature. Araspes, however, still made moan, that all men would point at him, and that even his friends advised him to keep out of the way of Cyrus, as likely to do him harm. "This is most opportune," said Cyrus, "for now you will be just the man for me to send as a spy into Lydia. You can pretend to fly from me and go over to the enemy, and you will get their confidence, and be able to give us the most valuable information." This arrangement was speedily made, and the love-stricken Araspes departed on his mission, and disappeared from the scene.

The beautiful Panthea now suggested that she should send for her husband, who, in gratitude for the treatment she had received, would be certain to desert his Assyrian master, and come over to Cyrus. She was allowed to send; and Abradâtes, having recognised his wife's tokens, and heard how matters stood, marched joyfully to the camp of Cyrus, bringing with him about a thousand horse. Having declared who he was, he was admitted within the lines, and embraced his wife tenderly after so long a separation. He then

waited upon Cyrus, and extending his right hand, said, "In return for the benefits that you have bestowed on us, Cyrus, I can say nothing more than that I give myself to you, as a friend, a servant, and an ally." Cyrus said, "I accept your kindness, and take leave of you for the present, that you may go to supper with your wife; at some other time I shall hope to receive you in my tent, together with your friends and mine."

Not long after this, it came about that Cyrus had to fight a great battle against the enemy, who were now an army of all nations under the command of Crœsus, king of Lydia. While the disposition of the forces was being made, Abradâtes, prince of Susa, obtained, partly by entreaty and partly by lot, a conspicuous position in the front line of Cyrus's army. He made a splendid figure, for he had a chariot with four poles, drawn by eight horses; and his wife Panthea had arrayed him in a golden helmet and golden arm-pieces which she had procured, and a purple robe reaching to his feet, which she had made. When he was preparing to mount his chariot, she bade him farewell, saying, "You know, Abradâtes, that if ever a woman loved her husband better than her own soul, I am such a one. And yet, loving you as I do, I love honour more, and would rather be buried with you, in your glory, than live with you if either of us were dishonoured. You will remember the debt of gratitude which we owe to Cyrus, and in this battle you will discharge it." Abradâtes laid his hand gently on her head, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "May

I prove worthy of the love of Panthea, and of the friendship of Cyrus!" He then mounted, and Panthea, as a last adieu, kissed the chariot, and was borne off by her attendants to her tent, and the line began to move against the enemy.

There was a mighty battle against great odds, for the army of Crœsus quite outflanked that of Cyrus, and enclosed it, "as a large brick might enclose a smaller one," on all sides but the rear. But the gallantry of the smaller force prevailed, and none on that day made a fiercer charge than Abradâtes of Susa, who, being posted against the Egyptians, overwhelmed and crushed them in his weighty chariot, armed with scythes. But in the furious melée that ensued, the prince himself, pursuing his victorious course, was thrown from his chariot, and, fighting like a brave man on foot, was cut down and killed.

The next day after the battle had been won, Cyrus asked, "Where was Abradâtes, that he did not come to see him?" They said that he was no longer alive, and that his wife had carried his body to a spot near the river Pactolus, where her eunuchs were digging a grave for him, while she sat on the ground with the dead man's head upon her knee. On learning this, Cyrus struck his thigh, and leaping upon his horse, rode, with an escort, to the scene of affliction. When he reached the spot, he approached the corpse, and shedding tears, he said, "Ah! brave and faithful soul, hast thou then left us for ever?" and he took hold of the right hand, but the hand came away, for the wrist had been cut through by an Egyptian. On

this Panthea shrieked, and taking the hand kissed and replaced it, and said, "All his body is like this, Cyrus, and it is my doing, for, not thinking of the result, I exhorted him not to spare himself for your sake. And now he is dead, and I who encouraged him sit here alive." After weeping for some time in silence, Cyrus said, "He has died a noble death, and numbers of men shall raise a monument to him, which shall not be unworthy of him or of us, and sacrifices shall be performed in honour of his bravery. And for you, every care shall be taken of you; and when you tell me where you wish to be sent, it shall be done." Panthea replied, "You shall soon know, Cyrus, to whom I wish to go." Cyrus now departed, sorrowing. And Panthea, having ordered her eunuchs to retire, called her nurse, and bade her, when she was dead, to wrap her and her husband in one mantle. She then produced a sword, which she had provided, and stabbed herself, and the nurse, wailing, covered them both as Panthea had directed, and three of the faithful eunuchs slew themselves on the bodies of their master and mistress. Cyrus, when he heard of it, lamented exceedingly, and caused a lofty monument to be raised over the noble and unfortunate pair.

This narrative, which we have given as nearly as possible in the words of Xenophon, is the first extant instance of a prose love-story in European literature. It was much admired by the ancients, and probably gave rise to many imitations of itself. Plutarch, in his essay to prove "that the doctrines of Epicurus do not secure even pleasure in living," asks (p. 1093)

"whether the actual enjoyments of love could be superior to the imaginative pleasures felt in reading the tale of Panthea as related by Xenophon, or the tale of Timoclea as told by Aristobulus, or of Thebe by Theopompus?" These two last writers were historians of the time of Alexander the Great, who appear to have introduced love episodes into their histories, which are now lost. As in old Homer, and as in India at the present day, the conception of love in the story of Panthea is a conception of post-nuptial, and not ante-nuptial, passion. The action commences, so to speak, at a point after the third volume of a modern novel would have concluded. As such, and on account of its simplicity, the tragical story of Abradâtes and Panthea may be despised by the English reader, especially if unmarried. But taking the ancient Greeks as they are, we may find some interest in observing the points in which they differ from ourselves.

After his victory over Crœsus, and after taking the city of Sardis, Cyrus proceeded to the conquest of Babylon. Xenophon, like the other authorities, represents him as effecting this by diverting the course of the Euphrates, and entering the city by the river-bed at midnight, while all the Babylonians were engaged in a revel. The whole account is interspersed with a record of the sagacious provisions and wise exhortations of Cyrus, which takes off from its liveliness, and makes the narrative unworthy of the greatness of the event. In vividness and reality this crowning act in the creation of the Persian empire falls far short of those smaller incidents in which

Xenophon had himself taken part, and which he describes in the graphic pages of the 'Anabasis.'

Henceforth the measures of Cyrus for the consolidation of his rule over the conquered nations, and his maxims of government, are recorded. Some of these may be mentioned. His first care was to provide attached and faithful attendants about his own person. In selecting these, the principle he went upon was, to choose men who had fewest family ties, who belonged to the most despised and isolated class, and who could be most absolutely bound by obligations of favour and gratitude. And of these he formed his bureaucracy.

Next, Cyrus turned his attention to the civil business of the empire, which he arranged by a system of bureaux and departments, so as to keep a centralised control of all the ramifications of state affairs. "He was thus enabled, by speaking with a few persons only, to keep every department of business under superintendence; and he had consequently more leisure than another man who had charge but of a single house or a single ship." Having by orderly arrangement secured a certain amount of leisure both for himself and others, he proceeded to employ this in moulding the characters of the upper ranks of society. He encouraged, by many artifices, "all who were able to subsist by the labour of other men" to be in constant attendance at his court, and he set himself to be "a living law" and example of life and manners to these. Each day had its appointed religious services, under the direction of the Magi, and commenced with a

hymn to the gods, which was sung at daybreak. Great moderation and simplicity characterised the style of living in the palace. Everything unseemly was carefully avoided. A strict code of etiquette and politeness was introduced, and differences of rank were marked with appropriate observances. No outbreak of anger or rude laughter was ever to be heard. "You would have thought that the whole court lived entirely for the beautiful."

As a preparation for war (here Xenophon introduces one of his favourite ideas, and not a bad one), Cyrus used to take out all the gentlemen of his court to hunt wild animals on horseback with spears. Thus a great emulation arose in riding and skill of various kinds. And all became inured to hardy habits and long fasts in the open air; and Cyrus himself outvied them all, and showed them his opinion, "that no man has any business with government who is not himself better than those whom he governs." But while setting this example, and taking all this trouble for the education of the upper classes, with respect to the lower ranks of society he took a very different course. He studiously avoided inciting them to any liberal pursuit, and even prevented them as far as possible from exercising the virtues of self-denial. For when a crowd of the common people had to act as beaters in the mountains and forests, he had provisions carried for *them*, but none for the nobles. So that the lower orders, not understanding his aims, and being well cared for, "called him their father, for arranging that they should always continue slaves." This Machia-

vellian policy, which of course is to be considered as an idea of Xenophon's, and not as historical, is in accordance with the ancient Greek notions that society must be based on slavery. It is also akin with the Spartan principle that the government must be for the interests of a ruling caste, while an outlying caste (like the Helots) is to be treated as a mere instrument, with no rights of its own, in the state arrangements.

The policy of Cyrus in governing "dependencies" (for such was Babylon when first conquered) is represented as consisting in constant conciliation of the upper classes, who were to be drawn closely round the monarch; while all the rest were to be equitably treated, but held at a distance. Thus Xenophon describes him as spending infinite trouble and tact on personal attentions to the nobles, who were by these means to be captivated, and turned more and more into friends of the king. All this is interesting, and might be compared, or contrasted, as the case may be, with the action of England (too often without a theory) in relation to its dependencies, such as Ireland of old and India in later times.

After the settlement of Babylon came the division of the whole Persian empire into satrapies, which is better related by Herodotus. And then there were various journeys of Cyrus to revisit his home, where his father and mother were now dead. From his uncle Cyaxares, whom Cyrus had made the head of the greatest empire in the world, he received the hand of a daughter in marriage, with the throne of Media for her dower.

At last, when he was on one of his visits to Persia, being now advanced in years, though apparently in perfect health—after performing some sacrifices and leading in person a national dance—Cyrus was in the night warned by a vision of his approaching end. A being of superhuman dignity seemed to come to him, and to say, "Cyrus, prepare thyself, for thou art now going to the gods." After this vision he awoke, and, taking victims, went to the summit of a mountain, where he sacrificed to Jupiter, the sun, and the rest of the gods, thanking them for their care of him during his long and prosperous life, and for all the omens and signs they had sent him as indications of what he ought to do; and praying for a blessing on his family, his friends, and his country. He then returned home, and lay down to rest. Feeling no inclination to eat, he took nothing for three days, after which he called round him his sons and the chief men of Persia, and addressed them. He told them that he knew his end was at hand, and that when he was gone they were to think of him as one who had lived a happy life. "I have realised," said he, "all that is most highly prized in the successive ages of life—as a child in childhood, as a young man in youth, as a man in maturity. My strength has seemed to increase with the advance of time; I have failed in nothing that I undertook. I have exalted my friends and humbled my enemies, and have brought my country from obscurity to the summit of glory. I have kept hitherto from anything like boasting, knowing that a reverse might come; but now that

the end has arrived, I may safely claim to be called fortunate."

He then turned to his sons, and having assigned the succession to the throne to one, and an immense satrapy to another, he exhorted them to live in concord. And he based this exhortation not only on grounds of natural affection and mutual interest, but also on a regard to what would be pleasing to his own disembodied spirit. He said,* "You cannot surely believe that when I have ended this mortal life I shall cease to exist. Even in lifetime you have never *seen* my soul; you have only inferred its existence. And there are grounds for inferring the continuance of the soul after death. Have we not seen what a power is exercised by the souls of murdered men—how they send avenging furies to punish their murderers? It is only to this belief in the power of the soul after death that the custom of paying honour to the dead is due; and the belief is reasonable, for the soul, and not the body, is the principle of life. When soul and body are separated, it is natural to think that the soul will live. And the soul, too, is the principle of intelligence. When severed from the senseless body, it will surely not lose its intelligence, but only become more pure and bright; just as in sleep, when the soul is most independent of the body, it seems to gain the power, by prophetic dreams, of seeing into futurity. Do, then, what I advise, from a

* The arguments here given in favour of the immortality of the soul, are exactly quoted by Cicero at the end of his dialogue, "On Old Age."

regard to my immortal spirit; but if I be mistaken in thinking it so, then act out of regard for the eternal gods who maintain the order of the universe, and watch over piety and justice. Respect, too, Humanity, in its perpetual succession, and act so as to be approved by all posterity. When I am dead, do not enshrine my body in gold or silver, but restore it to the earth,* for what can be better than to be mixed up and incorporated with the beneficent source of all that is good for men? While life, which still lingers in me, remains, you may come near and touch my hand, and look upon my face; but when I have covered my head for death, I request that no man may any more look upon my body. But summon all the Persians and the allies to my tomb, to rejoice with me that I shall now be in safety, and cannot suffer evil any more, whether I shall have gone to God, or whether I shall have ceased to exist. Distribute gifts among all who come. And remember this my last word of advice: 'By doing good to your friends, you will gain the power of punishing your enemies.' Farewell, dear children; say farewell to your mother from me: all my friends, absent as well as present, farewell." Having said this, and taken every one by the right hand, he covered his face, and expired.

* This is quite at variance with the Persian customs, as related by Herodotus. Bodies could neither be buried nor burnt, because both the earth and fire were too sacred for contamination. They were therefore exposed to be consumed by vultures —a practice still universally maintained by the Parsees, the modern representatives of the old Persian religion.

CHAPTER VII.

XENOPHON'S MINOR WORKS.

XENOPHON, after the completion of his campaigns, had, as we have seen above,* a long tranquil life, probably from his fortieth till nearly his ninetieth year, devoted to literature, during which he not only collected materials for his 'Hellenica' (the contemporary history of Greece), but also wrote his 'Anabasis,' his 'Recollections of Socrates,' his 'Education of Cyrus,' and several minor works above enumerated.† These *opuscula*, composed from time to time, as the fancy took him, show Xenophon as the earliest of essay-writers. His subjects were varied enough, and this circumstance gives an interest to his works; but yet we find that his ideas were somewhat limited. He constantly reproduces under different forms the same ideal type of human life and character. And this ideal type is nothing transcendental or impossible; it is thoroughly healthy, but it has a certain suggestion of mediocrity.

Xenophon had a great capacity for friendship, and a tendency to what in modern times has been called

* See page 80. † See page 84.

"hero-worship." During his earlier life he had, at successive periods, two great objects for these sentiments—Socrates and Agesilaus, a philosopher and a king. In his 'Eulogy of Agesilaus' he pays a tribute to the king, analogous to that which, in the 'Recollections of Socrates,' he paid to the philosopher. He does not write the life of Agesilaus, but merely gives a brief summary of some of his chief public performances in war and diplomacy, and then dilates upon his virtues. Agesilaus—who, according to Plutarch, was a short, rather mean-looking man, lame of one foot—appears to have produced a great impression upon Xenophon. But Xenophon had not the dramatic faculty requisite for portrait-painting in words. The catalogue of qualities assigned to his hero does not bring a living personality before us, but rather reads like the list of particulars in the Linnæan classification of a plant. Nor is it easy to distinguish the historical Agesilaus of Xenophon, drawn from the life, from the pseudo-historical Cyrus, drawn from fancy. Xenophon in this matter appears almost like a schoolboy who can only draw one face, which he accordingly repeats for ever.

Agesilaus was, of course, according to Xenophon, a great disciplinarian, and very scrupulous in all religious observances. "A spectator would have been cheered at seeing Agesilaus first, and after him the rest of the soldiers, crowned with chaplets whenever they returned from the place of exercise, and dedicating their chaplets to Diana; for how can it be otherwise than that a cause should be hopeful, when its

supporters reverence the gods, practise warlike exercises, and observe obedience to their commanders?" *Item*, he was very trustworthy, and "paid such respect to what was divine, that even his enemies considered his oaths and compacts more to be relied on than friendship among themselves." *Item*, he was extremely moderate and self-controlled in eating, drinking, sleep, and all the pleasures of sense. He acted on the principle that "it becomes a prince to surpass private persons, not in effeminacy, but in endurance." *Item*, he was very brave in war, and very successful as a general; very patriotic and subordinate to the laws of his country; very affable and unostentatious as king; living plainly, being accessible to all, and as unlike as possible to the kings of Persia. He attained a great age in health and vigour, and "was borne to his eternal home" honoured and lamented by all. Such is the character of Agesilaus, as given by Xenophon in eleven chapters. It is a dull picture, conveying the notion rather of respectability than of greatness. Those who wish to see a portrait of the same man in brighter colours may refer to Plutarch's 'Lives.'

The 'Hiero,' another of Xenophon's minor works, is a neat little essay in the form of a dialogue, on the advantages, or otherwise, in the lot of a "tyrant,"—that is, an absolute monarch, whose rule has been founded on the overthrow of constitutional government. The history of the Second Empire in France tends to give a particular interest to this discussion, which Xenophon attributes to the courtly Greek poet Simonides and Hiero I., the tyrant of Syracuse. Many would like

to have had the opportunity of questioning Louis Napoleon at the period of his greatest prosperity as to his enjoyment, or otherwise, of the power reached by the *coup d'état* of the 2d December; and such was the kind of question supposed to be addressed to King Hiero by Simonides. Hiero's answer is of the most gloomy description. He says that it is a mere popular delusion to fancy that tyrants are to be envied. They have not half the pleasure, and they suffer twice the pains, that private individuals do. Their enjoyments are dulled by satiety—they cannot travel, they cannot realise the full pleasures of love because they never can be sure that their affection is returned. "Indeed, there are none from whom conspiracies against kings proceed more frequently than from those who have affected to love them with the greatest sincerity." "If peace is thought to be a great good to mankind, tyrants have the least participation of it; if war is deemed a great evil, kings have the greatest share of it. Private individuals, if they go to make war in an enemy's country, still find, as soon as they return home, that there is safety for them there; but tyrants, when they come to their capitals, are conscious that they are then in the midst of the greatest number of enemies." "They distinguish, no less than private persons, which of their subjects are wise and just, and of a constitutional spirit; but, instead of regarding such characters with admiration, they look upon them with dread. They fear men of courage, lest they should make some bold attempt in favour of liberty; men of abilities, lest they should engage in some con-

spiracy; men of virtue, lest the multitude should desire to be governed by them. But when, from apprehension, they have removed such characters out of the way, what others are left them to employ in their service except the dishonest, and licentious, and servile?" So far from a tyrant being happier than other men, his state of mind may be summed up by saying that "he passes day and night as if he were condemned by the whole human race to die for his usurpation."

On hearing this statement, Simonides asks, "Why, if such be all that your position of royalty has to give, do you not voluntarily abdicate?" But Hiero answers that this very thing is one of the worst features of usurped royalty—that it is impossible to set one's self free from it. "For how can any tyrant command sufficient resources to make restitution of property to those from whom he has taken it, or how can he make atonement to those whom he has cast into prison, or for those whom he has unjustly put to death? In short, a tyrant can have no comfort either in keeping his throne or resigning it; so the only thing left for him to do is—to hang himself." Simonides, however, offers consolation by observing that the dissatisfaction felt by Hiero proceeds from the amiability of his disposition, which leads him to desire the love of mankind. He assures him that this may still be obtained by a right use of the advantages of his position —by showing graciousness and affability; by developing the resources of the state, and so benefiting all; by using his mercenary soldiers as police for the repression of crime; by spending his private means on

public objects; and that thus, by enacting the part of a benevolent tyrant, he will be forgiven for being a tyrant at all, and will attain that most desirable end, of being happy without being envied;—all which is pleasing theory, but perhaps hardly borne out by history.

Several of Xenophon's tracts are on special practical subjects, and of these one of the most interesting is his "Essay on the Revenues of Athens," in which he gives advice for improving the financial position of his country. During the flourishing times of the Republic, the great body of Athenian citizens had been trained to habits of idleness. The state revenues were almost entirely drawn from the contributions of tributary allies, and were largely expended in payments to the citizens for sitting as jurymen (see above, page 96), and performing other unproductive functions, and in the provision of theatrical exhibitions and other pageants.

Xenophon observes that this system was based on a certain amount of injustice towards the allies from whom tribute was exacted, and he proceeds to offer suggestions for rendering Athens more dependent on herself for the means of meeting state charges. These suggestions have not very well borne the test of modern criticism. They are evidently the production of an amateur financier, and not of a practical statesman. One thing particularly strikes the modern reader, and that is — the smallness of the sums in which Xenophon thinks. He speaks of Attica (which, though possessing a silver mine and marble quarries, was still like a small county, with a thin soil) as

"qualified by nature to afford very large revenues." And he seems to think it an immense point to add £10,000 or £20,000 to the revenues of the state.

One of the ways by which he proposes to do this is to increase the number of foreigners settling at Athens, and paying a yearly tax of twelve drachmæ (nine shillings) a-head. In Xenophon's time the citizens of Athens, exclusive of slaves, appear to have amounted to only about 20,000. Therefore in order to obtain £10,000 of additional revenue by means of the alien-tax, it would have been necessary to have more foreigners than citizens residing at Athens. To secure this desirable object, Xenophon proposes to give encouragement to foreign settlers by exempting them from military service, and granting them sites for houses — all for the sake of nine shillings per head. The foreigners especially referred to by Xenophon were "Lydians, Phrygians, and Syrians;" and Boeckh, in his 'Public Economy of Athens,' points out that the proposal was similar to what it would be in modern times to encourage the settlement of "Jew traders" in a country, till they outnumbered the original inhabitants, at the same time exempting them from military service, and allowing them to hold land. In any country which was exposed to war, and which had adopted such a policy, it is clear that the citizens would gradually be swept away in battle, while the aliens without patriotic feelings or noble motives would be left in possession of the state.

Xenophon's next idea is, that the commerce of Athens should be stimulated by encouragements, and

facilitated as much as possible. It seems to us an odd suggestion that rewards should be offered to those judges who in mercantile suits should give judgment with the least delay; and that those merchants who had brought vessels and goods of great account to the port, should be honoured with seats of distinction on public occasions. Xenophon thinks that the state should directly speculate in ships to be let out on profitable terms, and in lodging-houses, warehouses, and shops; a loan should be raised for this purpose, and our financier assumes that the profit on these ventures would be sure to enable the stock-holders to receive 20 per cent on their contributions. It does not occur to him to ask why, if this form of investment would be so remunerative, private capital should not find its way into it, without passing through the hands of the state.

Another speculation which he recommends to the Government of Athens is the purchase of slaves to be hired out to private individuals, for the purpose of working the silver mines of Laurion, near the southern promontory of Attica. He thinks that the state might gradually collect a little family of ten thousand slaves, and let them out at the rate of an obolus (1½d.) per head per diem. This would give an annual revenue of a hundred talents, or about £24,000. These slaves would be employed by the citizens, or foreigners, in mining for silver, and one twenty-fourth part of all the ore obtained would be paid to the state as a royalty. The whole calculation is based on the assumption that the silver mines of Laurion were inexhaustible, and

that under all circumstances of the price of provisions, &c., they could be worked to a profit by slave labour. It is needless to say that such an assumption was unjustifiable.

Boeckh says, that of all the schemes and recommendations of Xenophon for improving the revenues of his country, the only one that is unexceptionable is his exhortation to peace. For the preservation of peace, he has great faith in moral measures. He advises the appointment of "peace-commissioners;" and he recommends that the independence of the temple of Delphi — a question analogous in ancient Greece to the neutrality of Belgium in modern Europe—should be maintained rather by diplomacy than by arms. He adds, "Should any one ask whether I mean that if any power should unjustly attack our state, we must maintain peace with that power?—I should not say I had any such intention; but I may safely assert that we shall retaliate on any aggressors with far greater facility, if we can show that none of our people does wrong to any one, for then our enemies will not have a single supporter." This simple belief in the efficacy of virtue and justice in international relationship, received a rude commentary in the subjugation of Athens to the power of Macedon very shortly after the above sentence was written.

In the 'Œconomicus,'* or 'Treatise on Housekeeping,' we have Xenophon's ideas on the management of the house and the farm given under the form of a dialogue,

* With the word 'Œconomicus,' as with 'Hipparchicus,' &c., the word *logos*, discourse, treatise, or theory, is to be understood.

in which Socrates is represented as instructing our old friend Critobulus (see above, page 120), now a family man about forty years old. There is nothing specially Socratic in the instruction—the philosophy is that of Xenophon. The first point in housekeeping, we learn, is to have a good wife. She must be made so by her husband, being married in her fifteenth year. She must be taught by him that her main duty is to have a regard for property. She must learn to stow away things neatly, as on board ship, so that they may take up little room, and may be found when wanted. She must renounce painting and rouging, and must keep up her good looks by taking plenty of exercise within doors in the shape of household duties, such as kneading dough, making the beds, &c., in addition to going about to superintend the work of the slaves. No word is said of her reading, or sharing any intellectual pursuit with her husband; and altogether Xenophon's ideal of an Athenian wife is a flagrant case of "the subjection of women."

After the house comes the farm. Xenophon eloquently sets forth the praises of agriculture, but in the rules of the art he is little explicit. He rather lays it down that agriculture is the easiest of all arts to be learnt; that it is a mere application of common-sense; and that a successful farmer differs from an unsuccessful one, not in knowledge, but in care and diligence. All this has a very dilettante appearance. It contrasts strongly with modern ideas of agricultural chemistry, the application of geology, botany, and physiology to farming, and the constant improvement of machinery

for lessening human toil in agricultural operations. In lieu of such things, or even of the special processes of the ancients, Xenophon gives us a picture of an ideal gentleman farmer, who keeps his body vigorous by active and temperate habits, who practises his horse across country a good deal, and who is a great "ruler of men," having the desirable qualification of making others work for him cheerfully and efficiently.

Xenophon's three remaining treatises on 'Horsemanship,' on 'Cavalry Management,' and on 'Hunting,' cannot be accused of superficiality. They treat of their respective subjects in a thorough spirit, and are evidently the work of a man writing *con amore* about his favourite topics. The 'Horsemanship' has been much admired by those who have read it from a professional point of view. It gives rules first for choosing a horse, and afterwards for grooming, mounting, sitting, and managing him. In order to avoid being cheated in the purchase of a horse, Xenophon tells the reader that he must observe the points of the animal, beginning with the feet as the most important of all. He specifies the properties to be approved and condemned in the hoof, and from this ascends to the legs, and all the other points in a horse's body. If a horse is not a mere colt, his age must be looked to, "for a horse that has no longer the marks in his teeth neither delights the buyer with hope, nor is so easy to be exchanged." If he is already broken, sufficient trial must be made of his paces, mouth, and temper; and if a war-horse is wanted, we must try especially his powers of leaping.

When bought, the horse must be placed in a stable which is under the master's eye. It must be made as difficult to steal the horse's food from his stall as the provisions from the master's larder. It must be observed whether the horse scatters his food from the manger—a sure sign that he is off his feed, and for some reason out of sorts. The ground outside the stable should be laid down with round stones, in order to harden the horses' feet. This sort of precaution was especially requisite among the Greeks, as they had not attained the art of shoeing horses with iron. Xenophon's anxiety on this subject leads him to give the mistaken advice that the groom should never wash a horse's legs, but only dry-rub them; for "daily wetting," he says, "does harm to the hoofs." He is far from countenancing the practice adopted in modern times of cropping the ears and tails of horses. On the contrary, he is for stimulating with water the growth of the tail and forelock, in order to give the animal as much defence as possible against flies; and of the mane, in order to give the rider an ample grasp in mounting. This business of mounting must have been a serious one in Xenophon's day, for the simple expedient of stirrups had never been invented. In fact, if we want to form an accurate idea of rider and horse as conceived by Xenophon, we should look at some of the friezes from the Parthenon in the British Museum. Modern sculptors appear to consider stirrups prosaic, and frequently omit them on that account; but Phidias omitted them in his equestrian figures, because in his time they did not exist. And, without them, the only

ways the ancients had of mounting were either to vault on horseback, or to use as a step a transverse bar affixed to the shaft of the spear, or to have "a leg up," which the Persians managed in a dignified manner, by using the shoulder of a slave. Xenophon gives several directions for the process of mounting, and recommends the reader to practise mounting from the right side as well as the left, as being an accomplishment often useful in war.

All his maxims for the treatment of the horse are of the most judicious description. He gives it as the one golden rule in these matters, "Never approach a horse in a fit of anger; for anger is thoughtless, and will be sure to lead you to do what you will afterwards repent." A horse is never to be struck for shying, as that will only make him associate the pain he feels with the object which before caused him alarm. The rider should touch the object of which the horse was afraid, and then gently lead him up to it, so as to show that it is nothing terrible. Xenophon's system, in short, proceeds on the same humane principles as that of Professor Rarey. He even thinks that a horse may be taught the most showy paces, such as caracolling and rearing, by the use of the bit and by signs and encouragements, without striking him on the legs at all. "It is on horses thus trained that gods and heroes are painted riding, and those who are able to manage them skilfully may truly be said

'To witch the world with noble horsemanship.'

So beautiful and grand a sight is a horse that bears

himself proudly, that he fixes the gaze of all, both young and old, and no one tires of contemplating him, so long as he continues to display his magnificent attitudes."

The 'Hipparchicus,' or 'Cavalry Officer's Manual,' is a treatise on the duties of the Commandant of the Knights, and is addressed in a friendly tone to the person holding that office at Athens. The regulation number of the Knights was one thousand, but Xenophon intimates that the corps had fallen below that number, and he even suggests that foreign troopers should be enlisted to fill up the ranks. This shows how weak was the cavalry arm of the Athenian republic, and on how small a scale all its operations must be conceived. Xenophon, in treating of these, does not seem to have had any clear idea of the functions of cavalry, as distinguished from infantry, in war. No military rules referring to this subject are given. In one place, indeed, he advises that when the enemy are on a march, and any weaker force gets detached from the main body, a dash should be made at it by the cavalry; and in this he says that the tactics of beasts and birds of prey in attacking whatever is left unguarded should be imitated. Elsewhere he says that cavalry should be supported by infantry, and that the cavalry may be made to conceal infantry among and behind them. But it would have been more interesting if Xenophon had given us precisely the military ideas of the day as to how each force was to act. Perhaps such ideas were little developed; and Xenophon, both in this work and in his 'Anabasis,' shows that to his

mind war was not a science. His contrivances for deceiving the enemy by mixing up grooms with poles in their hands among the troopers, so as to make the numbers appear larger, and other tricks of the kind, have a puerile appearance. We cannot help thinking how futile would be such stratagems against the powerful field-glasses of modern times. But this treatise, and much of Xenophon's writing, shows in a strong light the comparative pettiness of ancient warfare, and, we may add, the material insignificance of the Athenian republic. All the more honour to her that in intellectual things she was so great! Xenophon does not fail to lecture his commandant of cavalry on the moral qualities necessary for his position, and, above all, on the temperance, endurance of fatigue, and manly energy which he will be required to exhibit; and he repeats over and over again that the enterprises of war can only be successful with the help of the gods, and must never be undertaken without sacrifices and propitious omens.

Nothing was more personally characteristic of Xenophon than his fondness for hunting, and we have seen above (p. 129) that he considered this exercise the best school of warlike prowess and manly virtue. His 'Cynegeticus,' or 'Treatise on Hunting,' embodies the results of his experience in the art, and reinforces the principles which he held in relation to it. This little book is written with all the enthusiasm of an Izaak Walton dilating upon his favourite pastime, and it contains much minute and accurate observation of nature. It was first translated into English by Blane, the

well-known writer on 'Rural Sports,' and he speaks of the work with the highest admiration. He says, "I have been indeed astonished in reading the 'Cynegeticus' of Xenophon to find the accurate knowledge that great man had of the nature of the hare, and the method of hunting her; and to observe one of the finest writers, the bravest soldiers, the ablest politicians, the wisest philosophers, and the most virtuous citizens of antiquity, so intimately acquainted with all the niceties and difficulties of pursuing this little animal, and describing them with a precision that would not disgrace the oldest sportsman of Great Britain, who had never any other idea to interfere to perplex his researches."

The greater part of the 'Cynegeticus' is devoted to the subject of hunting the hare; and it is perhaps a little disappointing, after all that Xenophon says about hunting in general as a preparation for war, to find such a very safe kind of sport made so prominent. Doubtless, however, even running with beagles hardens the physique, and Xenophon was quite right in maintaining (what perhaps in his time it was necessary to maintain) that those nations are most likely to do well in war of which the upper classes have a taste for field-sports. He says, that for a young man who has a competency, the first thing is to devote himself to hunting, and the second thing is to learn other accomplishments.

Hare-hunting, with Xenophon, means to find the hare in her form by the use of dogs tracking her scent; when found, to drive her with these dogs into nets previously set in her runs, or, failing this, to tire

her out and run her down in the open. The *dramatis personæ* in the hunt are the master, who manages the dogs himself, and his net-setter, who must be an active young slave keen for the sport, and, as Xenophon adds, implying his own ignorance of foreign tongues, "he must be able to speak Greek." The dogs to be used are two breeds of the Spartan hound; and Xenophon first says what they ought not to be and what they ought not to do, giving an elaborate and amusing catalogue of the bad styles of hunting which a dog may exhibit. Afterwards he describes the shape and action of a perfect hound. His conception, however, is different from that which Shakespeare had in describing the dogs of Theseus in the "Midsummer Night's Dream":—

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed, and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
> Each under each."

Xenophon thinks that the ears should be "small, thin, and without hair at the back," that the neck should be "long, flexible, and round," and the knees "straight." But he does not expect great speed in his dogs, for he says that the hare can hardly ever be caught by the dogs by pure coursing. He gives many directions for breeding and training hounds, and adds a capital list of names for them, all dissyllables, such as *Psyché*, *Thymus*, *Phylax*, *Rhomé*, *Porpax*, *Æther*, *Actis*, *Hybris*, *Augo*, *Nöes*, &c. (Spirit, Courage, War-

der, Forceful, Shield-hasp, Æther, Sunbeam, Wanton, Bright-eyes, Marker).

The sport begins in the early morning, while the scent still lies on the track made by the hares in returning to their forms. Xenophon prefers a northerly wind for scent,—he thinks the moisture contained in the south wind to be a disadvantage; and he says that the full moon by its warmth dulls the scent—added to which the light makes the hares skip, so that their steps are at longer intervals, which is unfavourable to scenting. Truly the moon is made to answer for a great many things in this world! The spring and the autumn Xenophon considers the best seasons of the year for scent; but he would have sympathised with that modern sportsman who talked about "stinking violets," for he says that in spring, "when the ground is covered with flowers, it inconveniences the dogs by mingling the odour of the flowers with that of the hare." It is clear that he was accustomed to hunt the hare all the year round, regardless of breeding-times, and to follow her by her tracks in the snow—in short, to kill with dogs and nets whenever the chance occurred. This total want of the idea of game-preserving makes it easy to understand the apparent scarcity of hares in Xenophon's country. He seems to have considered that to kill a single hare was a fair day's sport.

His description of the hare is excellent, and he draws a most graphic picture of puss lying in her form. "When she is awake she winks with her eyelids, but when she is asleep, the eyelids are raised and fixed,

and the eyes continue unmoved; also, while asleep, she moves her nostrils frequently, but when not asleep, less often." The huntsman, sallying forth in a light loose dress, with light sandals on, and a thick staff in his hand, when he gets to the hunting-ground, vows to Apollo and to Diana the huntress a share of what may be captured; he then sets his dogs to draw for the scent, which we will suppose to be quickly discovered. "Off go the dogs now with joy and spirit, discovering two or three scents as the case may be, proceeding along and over them as they intersect, form circles, run straight or winding, are strong or weak, are caught up or not; the animals passing by one another, waving their tails about incessantly, hanging down their ears, and flashing their eyes. When they are near the hare, they soon let the huntsman know it, by vibrating their whole bodies, and jealously vying for the lead, now clustering together, now spreading abroad, again dashing on, till at last they hit upon the hare's form and rush in upon her. Up she springs, and away she starts, and the huntsman gives the view-hallo, 'Forward, dogs, forward! right, dogs, right!' and wrapping his coat round his arm, he takes his staff and runs after the dogs, taking care not to head the chase." The hare, running in a ring, is expected to come round to where the nets are set, and so get caught. If not, the hunt must be pursued, as with beagles in modern times; and all the incidents of the day are described in the most lively manner by Xenophon, with instructions for the tactics to be pursued, and the proper cries and modulations of

the voice to be used. When the hare has been caught, either by hunting or by driving it into the nets, the huntsman takes up his snares, and having rubbed down the dogs, quits the hunting-field, stopping occasionally, if it be noon-tide in summer, that the dogs' feet may not become sore on the way.

The element of nets in Xenophon's hare-hunting may be considered by some to give it a poaching character, which consists in having too great an eye to the pot—that is, to the actual capture of the animal by whatever means, instead of considering the pursuit itself, conducted in noble form and under honourable restrictions, to be the truer end in the sportsman's mind. But, on the other hand, Xenophon's genuine interest in the working of the dogs is a sportsmanlike feature. It is to be feared that no point so favourable can be found in his account of hunting the deer or antelope. One plan that he recommends is to lie in wait before daybreak, and watch the hinds bringing back their suckling fawns into the grassy glades. Then to seize up a fawn from its bed, on which the hind, its mother, hearing its cries, will rush upon the man that holds it and try to take it from him, when she may easily be worried by the hunter's dogs and despatched with his spear. Another plan is, when the fawns are grown older, to separate one of them from the herd of deer, and run down it with fleet and strong Indian dogs. A third is to set snares in the deers' path, consisting each of a noose with a clog attached. When a deer puts its foot into one of these, the clog

will impede its running; it may then be tired out, and speared by the hunter.

Boar-hunting in Xenophon is a more dangerous and manly sport. When the boar is tracked to his lair, nets are set in the neighbouring outlets, and he is roused by dogs, the hunters following with spears. When he has involved himself in a net he is speared; but he often turns and charges, and then the spear is used like a fixed bayonet on which to receive his charge. The boar may by a twist of his head wrest the spear from the hunter's hand, who then must immediately throw himself flat on his face, so as to prevent the boar from being able to wound him with his upward-turned tusks, and a comrade must instantly step forward and divert the beast by another attack. Such was the boar-hunting of the ancients—not, perhaps, equal in thrilling excitement to the "pig-sticking" of Anglo-India, and yet full of adventure and risk. Horace * places the love for this sport among the "ruling passions" of mankind, and describes the hunter, when the boar has broken through the nets and got away, remaining out all day in pursuit of him, forgetful of the tender bride whom he has recently married.

Of hunting large game—that is, lions, leopards,

* Odes, I. i:—

"Regardless of his gentle bride,
The huntsman tarries from her side,
Though winds blow keen 'neath skies austere,
If his stanch hounds have tracked the deer,
Or by the meshes' rent is seen
Where late a Marsian boar hath been."
—Mr Martin's Translation.

lynxes, panthers, and bears—Xenophon speaks briefly as a foreign sport. He mentions that in some places the beasts are poisoned with aconite mixed in lumps of food, and placed in their way. In other places they are intercepted in the plains when they have come down from the mountains at night, and are speared by men on horseback. Elsewhere they are taken by means of pitfalls, with live goats for bait.

Thus far the treatise is of a purely technical character; but Xenophon, in concluding it, gives way to his love of moralising, and preaches a somewhat incongruous and irrelevant sermon. He returns to his old theme, the excellence of the practice of hunting as preparing a man to serve his country. Then he goes on to the worth of toilsome pursuits in general, and, though virtue is toilsome, says that mankind would not shun the pursuit of her if they could only *see* in bodily form how beautiful she is. This train of thought reminds him of the "Sophists," or professional teachers of morals and rhetoric. These he denounces as impostors, and in reference to the subject which he has been treating, he calls them "hunters for rich young men." There is, he adds, another spurious kind of hunters; namely, the political place-hunters. Their example young men should avoid, and should rather devote themselves to field-sports, with a happy faith that the gods delight in and approve of these, and that by practising them they may become a benefit to their parents, their friends, and their country.

The whole of this peroration is so little in keeping with the former part of a very excellent treatise, that

some are inclined to think that it must have been added on by the hand of a forger. But the manner of the writing is like that of Xenophon, when in his most sermonising and rhetorical vein.* It was perhaps written at a different period of his life from the main body of the 'Treatise on Hunting.' We know that the ancients indulged in frequent revisions of their works; and it is not impossible that Xenophon, at a period when his taste and style had been somewhat impaired by age, took up the chapters on hunting which he had written in his vigorous manhood, and, by way of a finish, added to them this cold harangue.

* See above, page 109.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

SOME one of the works of Xenophon is usually the first Greek prose book that is put into the hands of the schoolboy; but it is for the sake of his language rather than his matter that Xenophon is read in our schools and colleges, and thus he is read in a fragmentary way, and comparatively few people have anything like a complete knowledge of his writings. It has indeed been too much the fault of classical education in England to think exclusively of the language and style, and to disregard the study of the actual life and ideas of the ancients, as treasured up in their books. But in bringing, as in this little volume, an ancient classical author to the notice of English readers, there is no longer the temptation to rest contented with an admiration of the words; the matter must stand forth, as it were, *en deshabille*, and the question must be asked, What is this famous author worth for all time, when his sentences have been robbed of that perfection of form which undoubtedly entitled him to be appreciated as an artist of style?

This is the sort of question which we have now to answer about Xenophon. And in the first place, it must be remembered that in regarding an ancient author from a "real" point of view, there is a historical and antiquarian interest in the very imperfection of his ideas. Flint knives and arrow-heads are prized for our museums, not for their excellence, but for their comparative inadequacy to their respective purposes. So, too, the expression by an old writer of very limited and even erroneous thoughts on subjects with regard to which the world is now better instructed, may be interesting to us as a contribution to the history of the mind of man. From examples of this kind we see that

> "Through the ages an increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns;"

and we learn to know how unequal was the greatness of the ancients. While in the spheres of Art and the Beautiful and Abstract Thought the Greeks are the masters for all modern times, we find what an immense advantage over them has been given to us by the development of the separate sciences.

The study of Xenophon's writings is peculiarly fertile in reflections of this kind. He serves very well as the representative Greek of the fourth century before Christ. He stands forth as the product of Athens, of the teachings of Socrates, of the debates in the Agora, and, generally speaking, of the "Aryan principles of education." The circumstances of his

life gave him a wide experience and a sort of cosmopolite point of view. He seems a typical instance of the "sound mind in a sound body." He was endowed with great activity, curiosity, and enlightened intelligence, and he wrote on war, contemporary history, politics, the lives of great men, education, finance, rural and domestic economy, the equestrian art, and the chase. He serves then to us as a measure of ancient Greece in many of the departments of life. And when we read a treatise like the 'Revenues of Athens,' written by a man of his eminence, we see how totally undeveloped in his time must have been the notions of political economy and of foreign politics, as implying a system of different powers in relation to each other. We see the want of the idea of science in his *assuming* that the silver mines of Laurion were inexhaustible, instead of referring to any mineralogical data on the subject. We see a great contrast to our own notions in his opinion, laid down in the 'Œconomicus,' that agriculture is the easiest of all arts, requiring only the application of common-sense. In the same work we find the indorsement of that degraded conception of the position of the wife in a household, which was one of the weakest points in ancient Greek civilisation. Throughout his histories and military disquisitions we see how comparatively petty and barbarous in their details the most important wars of his day were. No great general had as yet lived; the movement of large masses of troops had not become a science. There was no artillery more formidable than the bow and arrow, or the stone

rolled down a hill. And the least consideration convinces us, that the ten thousand Greeks, with their spears and their pæan, would have had no more chance than so many South-sea islanders, and not half so much chance as the Abyssinians of King Theodore, against a single European regiment armed with the breech-loader.

It is difficult at first to realise the differences in external things between the ancient Greeks and ourselves. It is difficult not to forget that Greek society was based on slavery, and that every house in Athens was more or less filled with captives from Asia Minor or Thrace, or elsewhere, whose vernacular language probably the master of the house did not understand. It does not occur to one to remember that such a simple instrument as the stirrup had never been introduced to assist the riders of ancient Greece. But an author like Xenophon going into homely details, and giving us unfaded photographs of daily incidents, fresh as they occurred twenty-two centuries ago, is of the utmost value in enabling us to see these things, and to "restore" in imagination the life of ancient Greece. No more graphic and stirring narrative than that in which Xenophon traces the fortune of the Ten Thousand was ever written. And his practical treatises on the Horse and on Hunting are excellent in themselves, and are full of interest from an antiquarian point of view.

Apart then from his style, Xenophon's chief merit and his chief service to modern readers consist in the amount of information he has preserved. The 'Ana-

basis' is of course full of information, not only about Greek manners, but also about the state of the Persian Empire, the geography of many interesting countries, and the characteristics of several wild tribes. The 'Hellenica' is a contemporary record of the affairs of Greece for a period of fifty years, and we have only abstained from abridging it, because to do so would be to rewrite a portion of Greek history which has been often and well written in English before. To the 'Memorabilia' men look for a particular kind of information—information about the strange personality of Socrates. It is true that Xenophon has not done the work of recording the conversations of his master as well as might be wished. He had not the fine perception or dramatic faculty which would have been requisite for the task. But the collection of facts which he gives is, as far as it goes, valuable.

The ancients considered Xenophon a "philosopher," and Diogenes Laertius writes his life as such. But his only claim to be called so is, that he was a pupil of Socrates, and wrote anecdotes about him. Xenophon never uses a metaphysical word or utters a metaphysical thought in all his writings. He was a moralist, and apparently he could not understand that Socrates was anything more than a moralist. Xenophon's ethical philosophy was expressed in his 'Education of Cyrus,' though often repeated without variation in other books. It comes to something of this kind—that a man should train his body by hunting and similar exercises, and his mind by debate and discussion; that he should be very sober and temperate;

very god-fearing, especially in the matter of seeking signs and omens; very just and truthful; that he should possess, or acquire, the art of influencing and ruling over other men, and that he should use that art for beneficent ends. Such was the whole duty of man according to Xenophon. It was a simple doctrine, and we can easily see that it was compounded of the Spartan ideas of education, with some of the intellectual and moral ideas of Socrates. We may conclude, then, that Xenophon was no philosopher in the proper sense of the term. Even as a moral essayist, as in the 'Cyropædeia,' the 'Hiero,' the 'Agesilaus,' &c., he is not strong, but only passable. His strength is not in deep thoughts or elevated sentiments, not as a master of the true and the beautiful, but as a manly, straightforward writer of information, and as having admirably told one deeply interesting story—the epic tale of the Ten Thousand Greeks.

At the same time, we must not refuse to allow to Xenophon a certain amount of originality. It is probable that he had no model before him, either for his 'Anabasis' or for his 'Memorabilia.' And it seems not unlikely that his 'Banquet' may have been the first imaginary dialogue introducing Socrates that was ever written. If so, it gave the idea to Plato, who, taking it up, wrote dialogues that are to the 'Banquet' of Xenophon as the plays of Shakespeare to those of Marlow. The various minor works of Xenophon are specimens of a kind of originality—not the originality of creative genius, but rather a sort of practical inventiveness which showed him what things might

be done, though it did not lead him to do them in the very highest way. Genius, indeed, in the highest sense, we must absolutely deny to Xenophon, who had abundant versatile talent, but who lacked "the vision and the faculty divine." He is not great even as a historian: his 'Anabasis' is wanting in general reflections, and his 'Hellenica' is merely the work of an annalist, standing to Thucydides, whose history he undertook to continue, much in the same relation as Smollett occupies towards Hume. We must withdraw, in short, all claim for Xenophon to rank among the greatest writers of antiquity. He comes into a second class, and is admirable, as far as his thought and matter are concerned, only for those qualities which we have above attributed to him.

To this extent, and no further, we should agree with Colonel Mure, whose account of Xenophon (in his 'Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece') is from beginning to end a severe attack. Amongst other things, he impugns the good faith of Xenophon as a historian, and stigmatises him as exceedingly false in the colour which he gives to various transactions. Mr Grote, on the other hand, places unbounded reliance on all the statements of Xenophon. Probably an estimate between these two extremes may be the correct one. It is very likely that Xenophon's account of his own share in the 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand' should be taken *cum grano salis.* It was the practice of ancient historians to insert in their narratives, as having actually been spoken, speeches which they composed in cold blood

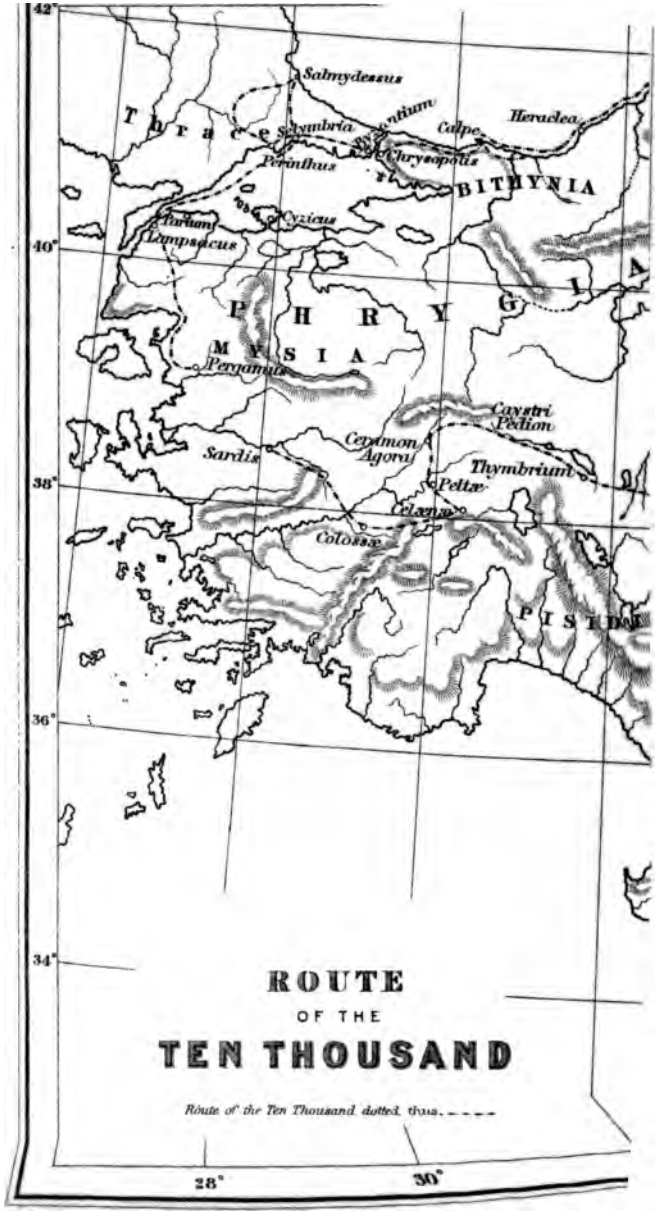
as suitable to the occasion. Xenophon, no doubt, followed this plan in writing his 'Anabasis,' and he may have allotted to himself a rather more prominent and favourable position on some occasions than others would have assigned him. Thus far his writing may have been a sort of *Dichtung und Wahrheit;* but there is every reason to believe that the truth greatly preponderated. Xenophon, of course, had his prejudices, and he was a versatile Greek of rather superficial character; but, on the whole, he was manly and well-intentioned, and to consider falsehood as being a prominent characteristic of his nature seems to us to be unjust and unfounded.

Before taking leave of him we must say a word about his style, which this volume has not been able to represent, except in so far as it has enabled the reader occasionally to notice the homely raciness of his expressions. Several instances of this occur in the exact translation given above (page 62) of a long passage from the 'Anabasis.' Colloquial vigour is the eloquence of Xenophon. For the rest he is pure, simple, and lucid. The Greek language had been perfected in Xenophon's youth by sophists and rhetoricians—by the Greek orators with Pericles at their head, and by the great historian Thucydides. Xenophon used the language, thus developed, as an instrument of which he was perfectly master. In his best works he writes as if he did not think about style at all, but simply aimed at saying, in a plain manner, what he had to say. His taste and cultivation gave an unstudied refinement to his diction; and his freedom from all

eccentricity and from all excessive specialty of mind, allowed his writings to attain to a sort of national and universal standard, rather than an individual character. And so it has come about that the model of classical Greek prose is considered to be preserved, not in the laboured antithetical greatness of the style of Thucydides, nor in the lovely half-poetical diction of Plato, but in the everyday sentences which make up the page of Xenophon. Not only are these the study of the English schoolboy, but the newspaper writers of Athens at the present day, in hopes of reviving some of the classical purity of the ancients, are said to be diligently engaged in teaching the corrupt modern Greek language to copy Xenophon.

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